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{ NOVEMBER 2006 }

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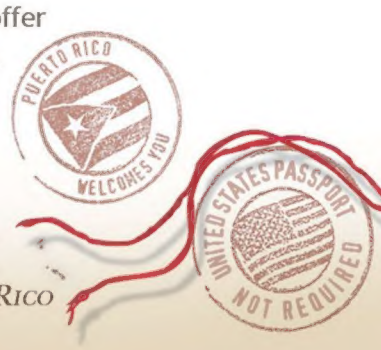

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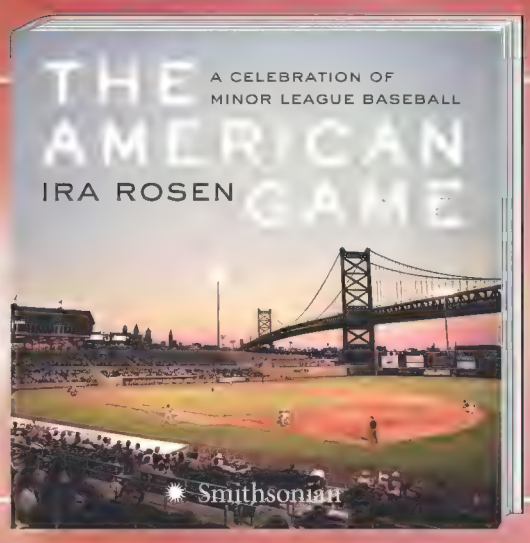

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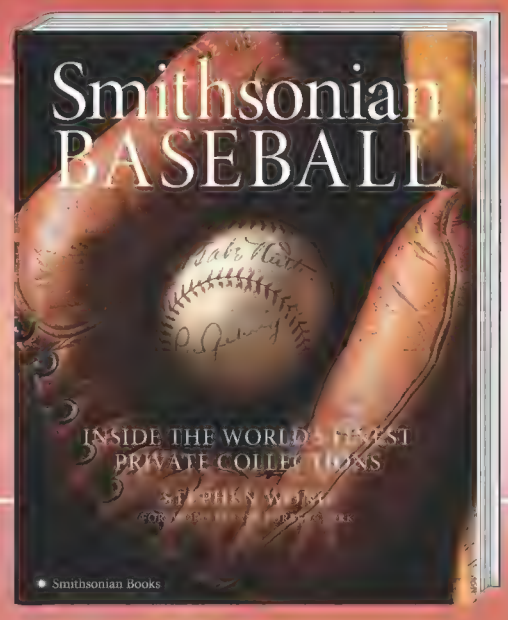

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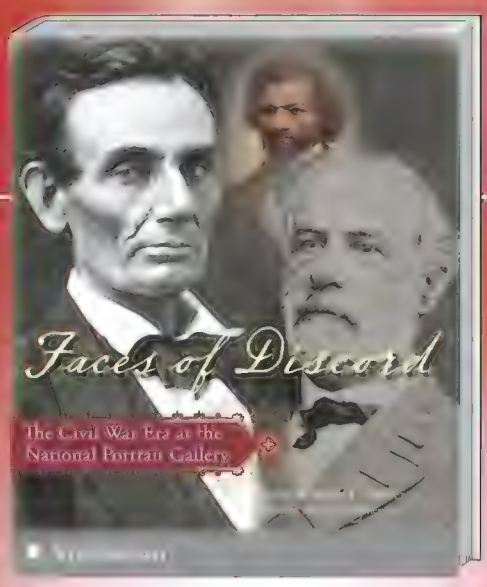

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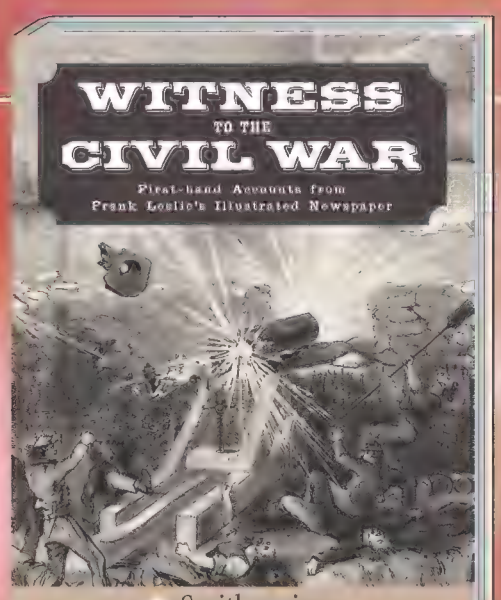

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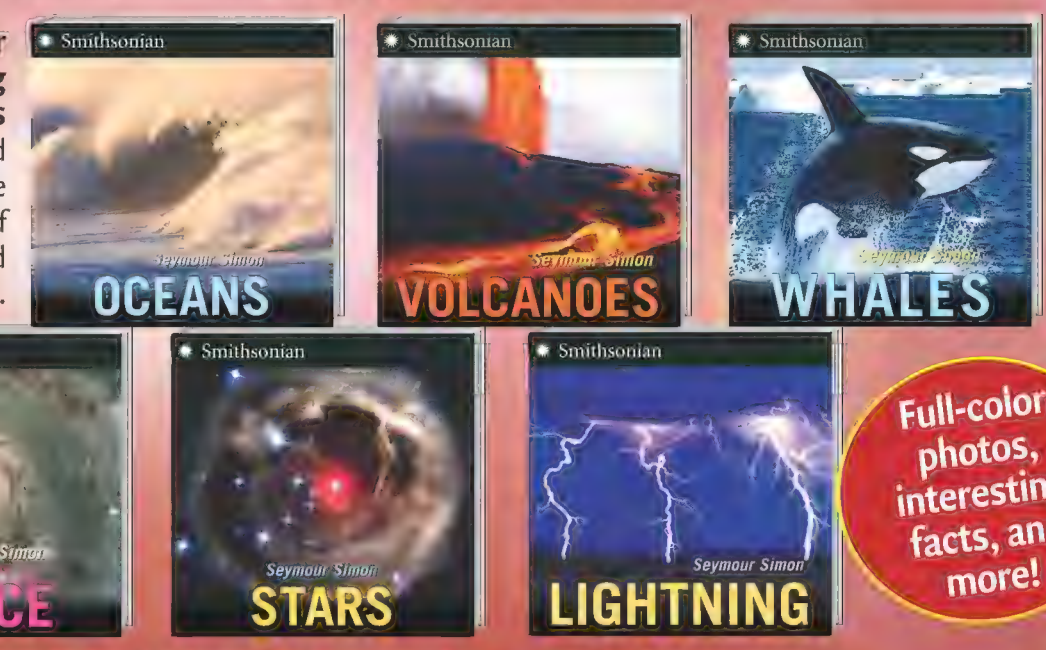

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FROM THE EDITOR

Watershed Events

History has a funny way of interpreting the present

BY CAREY WINFREY

PARIS-BASED Richard Covington, who has written for SMITHSONIAN since 1991, suggested our story about the saucy queen who lost her head in the French Revolution ("Marie Antoinette," p. 56) because, he says, he wanted to find out for himself the reality behind the legend. Which is? "I was surprised by how much Marie Antoinette had in common with the revolutionaries," he says. "She spent her life trying to carve out her own freedom. Obviously, she wasn't wholly successful." Obviously.

Covington adds that the Revolution still seems part of the French psyche. "When things don't go your way, whether it's a law about being able to fire young people from their first jobs or housing discrimination, the initial impulse is not to negotiate but to take to the streets," he says. "It doesn't really work that well, but it's indicative of how Marie Antoinette and the French Revolution still haunt the way many French people act today."

JEAN ANNE LEUCHTENBURG

William Leuchtenburg: The Republican gains would be obliterated.

HISTORIAN William Leuchtenburg, author of "New Faces of 1946," p. 48, has been fascinated by midterm elections since that very year, which was also the first election in which he voted. "Most history textbooks don't pay attention to midterms," he says, "and yet they are sometimes when a new era of politics begins. The 1946 election is interesting"—Republicans swept both houses of Congress—"because it appears to presage a new era, and then it doesn't turn out that way."

Leuchtenburg says what he didn't fully appreciate until he researched this story was how "the gains that the Republicans made in 1946 would be obliterated. Not all in 1948, but in ensuing years. The failure of the Republicans to make more of the toehold that they had in 1946 is really startling."

The biggest change in 60 years? "There is a far greater advantage to incumbency now than there used to be; very few seats are up for grabs in the next election because of the ability, thanks to computers, to draw district lines with such precision that it's very, very difficult to dislodge an incumbent. As for the 2006 elections," he says, "anybody who would confidently predict what's going to happen would be foolish."

ENTRIES FOR THIS YEAR'S photo contest are due by 2 p.m. (Eastern Time) January 4, 2007. Enter on-line at Smithsonian.com.

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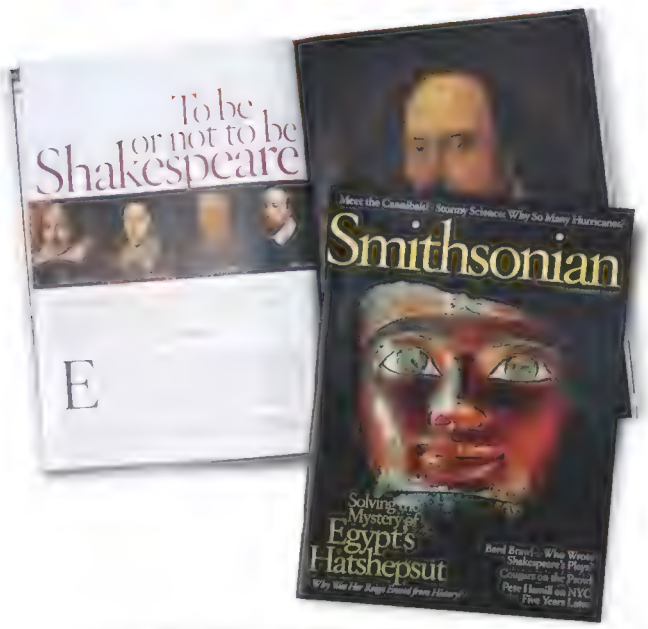

It strikes me as odd that Oxfordians challenge Shakespeare's authorship because the "Stratford man" never attended university ("To Be or Not to Be Shakespeare"). British literature is full of writers who did not receive a university education—Jane Austen, George Orwell, John Keats, to name a few—yet produced work of timeless brilliance. Why should Shakespeare be any different?

CHARLES GREEN, ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

SLINGS AND ARROWS

I SUPPOSE I MAY NEVER see the day when educated people agree as to the "real" author of the Shakespeare plays, but I am thankful that we have reached the point where the matter can be discussed without the participants pretending the whole thing is a joke. I have one complaint. Anyone casually reading the caption with the portrait of Edward de Vere (currently the most promising of the candidates) would suppose that there is a valid reason for eliminating him from the list. De Vere did die in 1604, but not necessarily "before a number of Shakespeare's plays were written." "Orthodox" biographers have compiled a list of the dates the plays were written, but since these had to conform to the "Stratford man's" history, their accuracy is highly suspect to those who believe he had nothing to do with their authorship.

GERALD J. CAVANAUGH
CINCINNATI, OHIO

NICE TRY, BUT as every true Marlovian knows, Shakespeare's works were actually written by Christopher Marlowe. Marlowe's "death" at Deptford was an obvious fraud, and he lived his remaining days as an exile on the Continent, partly as a spy for the Earl of Essex. Mention of him ceases about the same time as Shakespeare's "retirement." If you're going to tout conspiracy theories, please stick with the best.

JANICE FAYE JOYNER
ROCHESTER, MINNESOTA

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NO MORE CANNIBALISM

"SLEEPING WITH Cannibals" had part of me fretting over the loss of another native culture, but a larger part feeling that this cannibal culture must change. The story of 6-year-old Wawa, marked for future slaughter, disturbs me greatly. My heart aches for this child, whose parents have died and who has lost his treehouse home because some think he is a *khakhua* (a witch) deserving to be killed and eaten. Cultural change is not always a bad thing. I fear that for Wawa, it will not come soon enough.

ALISON JOHNSON
HILLSBORO, OREGON

On September 24, Wawa and another Korowai boy accused of being a khakhua reached the Indonesian city of Jayapura, where they will live and attend school. They were escorted by their uncles and author Paul Raffaele's guide, Kornelius Kembaren. —*Ed.*

WHOSE NEW YORK?

I HAVE NO DOUBT that Pete Hamill's "Five Years Later" is meant to be an inspiring tale about the strength of New Yorkers who endured the atrocity that struck our city. However, I am troubled with his assertion that "almost all New Yorkers, old and new, have gotten over September 11, 2001." I am from a part of Queens, Rockaway Beach, that lost 70 residents that day. The neighborhood has been deeply affected by that horrific act of cowardice. I see individuals who continue to suffer from having lost family members, loved ones and friends. Mr. Hamill discusses some of the remaining problems from 9/11, but he omits the plight of those exposed to the noxious fumes that permeated the site in the aftermath of the attack. Many survivors, first responders and other rescue workers who answered our city's urgent distress call have been diagnosed with breathing-related maladies. To be sure, New Yorkers have responded in an inspirational manner to the effects of 9/11, but from my perspective the tragedy isn't something that this city has "gotten over."

JOHN BRIODY
ROCKAWAY BEACH, NEW YORK

CHILD LABOR STILL EXISTS

LEWIS HINE'S PHOTO of child worker Addie Card ("Through the Mill") alerted Americans to the reality of child labor, but the problem persists in many parts of the world, where children are still held as virtual slaves because of tradition, culture, corrupt governments and police, poverty and war. The International Labor Organization, an agency of the United Nations, estimates that 218 million children between ages 5 and 17 work, and that 126 million toil in hazardous jobs in mining, manufacturing, construction and agriculture. We need another Lewis Hine to spotlight the worldwide problem of child labor.

THERESA LORBIECKI
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

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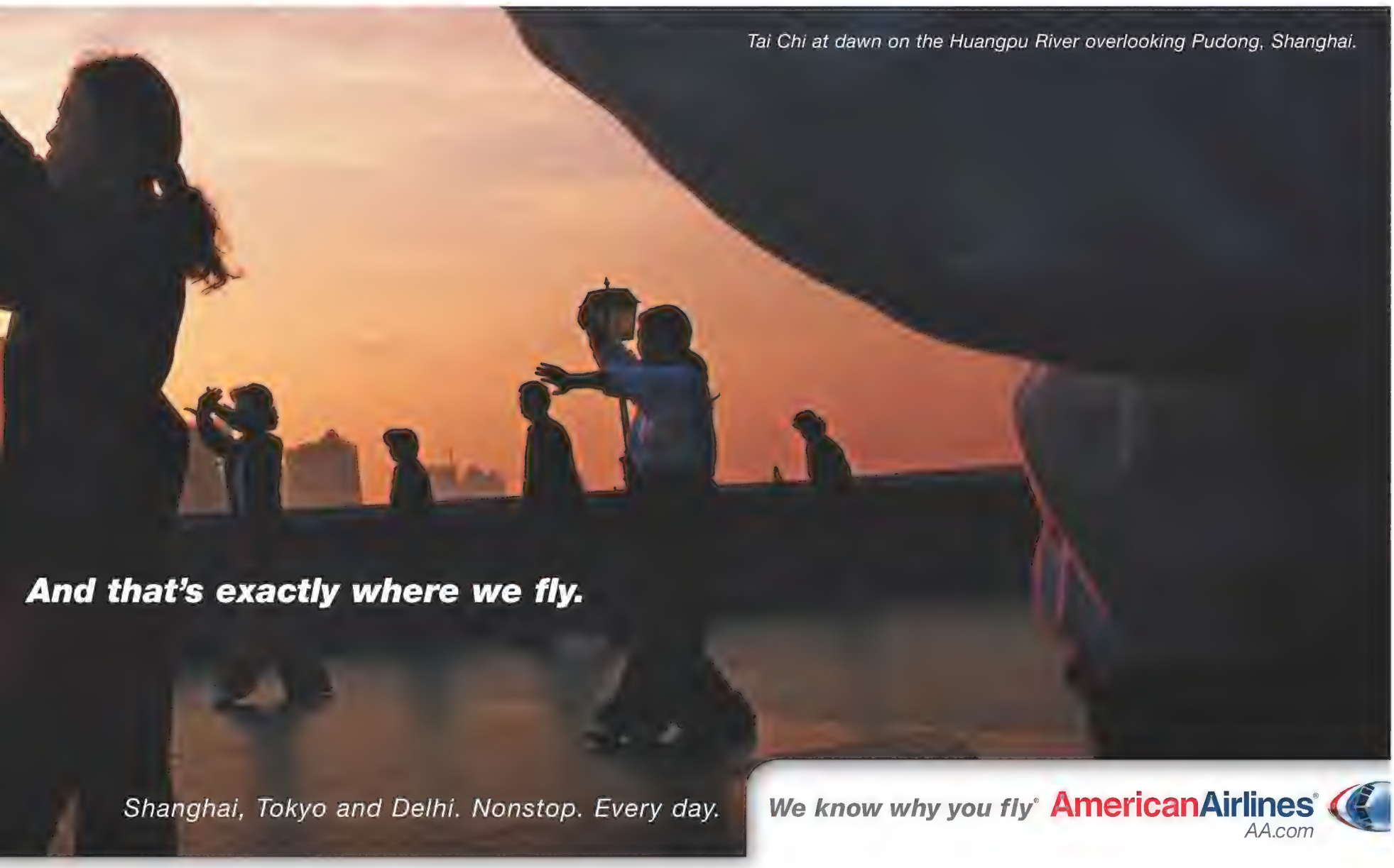
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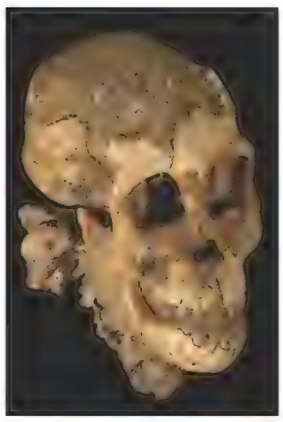
WILD THINGS

LIFE AS WE KNOW IT

THE DINOSAURS ARE COMING!

When it comes to dinosaurs, scientists have only scratched the surface. There are 527 known genera, from allosaurs to tyrannosaurs. But 1,317 genera have yet to be discovered, a Swarthmore College and University of Pennsylvania study estimates. So many fossils have been found in the past two decades (an artist's reconstruction of a *Rajasaurus*, reported in 2003), and unexplored sites are so numerous, that the researchers upped the previous estimate of dinosaur types by 50 percent.



TIMEWORN TOT

The oldest known fossil of a child hominid has been found in Ethiopia. The 3-year-old female *Australopithecus afarensis* (the same species as the adult fossil "Lucy") lived about 3.3 million years ago. It's rare for a child's delicate bones to last long enough to be fossilized, but this skeleton, unearthed by scientists from the Max Planck Institute in Germany and elsewhere, is surprisingly complete. It shows human-like legs and feet as well as shoulders that resemble a gorilla's. Scientists know that *A. afarensis* could walk upright, but whether it climbed through trees is up for grabs. The fossil may shed new light on that evolutionary question.

IT'S A SNAP

The animal kingdom has a new champ: the trap-jaw ant has the fastest known bite, besting even the great white shark. With high-speed video, researchers from the University of California at Berkeley clocked the ant's millimeter-scale jaws shutting in a tenth of a millisecond, or up to 145 miles an hour. This feat is useful for not only capturing prey but also bolting from danger: snapping its mandibles against a hard surface, the trap-jaw ant rockets two to three inches into the air.

Visit Smithsonian.com to see trap-jaw ants in action.

LISTENING TO LUNA

Luna (above), the killer whale separated from his pod off the coast of Vancouver Island, fascinated laypeople—and scientists. Before he was killed by a boat this past March, researchers from the UK and Canada documented that the 5-year-old orca, which had limited contact with other orcas, often mimicked the bark of California sea lions he encountered. The finding underscores the idea that orcas develop distinctive calls and that orca pods may have their own "dialects."

Observed

NAME: *Dictyostelium purpureum*, an amoeba
KNOWN TO ATTEND: Family reunions
WHAT FUN: Actually, they gather only when they're starving. If food runs short on the forest floors where these one-celled organisms live, they organize themselves into a mushroom-like structure (below). Some die to form the "stalk"; others atop the stalk disperse spores, some of which go on to start the life cycle anew in greener pastures.
IS THAT SMART?: It is. *D. purpureum* don't band together randomly—a new study from Rice University shows that they seek out kin. Many animals recognize and make sacrifices for relatives, which presumably helps perpetuate one's genetic line. But *D. purpureum* is the first single-celled beast known to do so.

ZERESENAY ALEMSEGED / RESEARCH AND CONSERVATION OF CULTURAL HERITAGES (ARCCH); SHERWIN CRASTO / REUTERS; ALEX WILD; SUZANNE CHISHOLM; M.J. GRIMSON & R.L. BLANTON / BIOLOGICAL SCIENCES ELECTRON MICROSCOPY LABORATORY, TEXAS TECH UNIVERSITY

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Passion Fruit

Edward Weston quested for the perfect pepper **BY HENRY ALLEN**

August 1, 1930:
"The glorious new pepper Sonya brought has kept me keyed up all week and caused me to expose eight negatives—I'm not satisfied yet."

EDWARD WESTON photographed a lot of peppers. The most famous, sometimes labeled *Pepper No. 30*, was Weston in high form at the age of 44, full of confidence that he was forging in the smithy of his darkroom the tools for finding essence in simplicity, authenticity in the ordinary, a new vision for a new age.

Nine years later, on a back lot in Hollywood, Weston would photograph *Rubber Dummies, MGM Studios*. That photograph, on view at the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford, Connecticut, until December 31, was Weston the whimsical, full of the coy perversity that would mark some of his later work—cat pictures, a nude wearing a gas mask.

Two pictures, two different expressions of modernism, one artist.

From his writings, re the pepper:

"I tried the light from the opposite side in the next morning light—brilliant sun through muslin. Better! And more failures. . . . But the pepper is well worth all the time, money, effort. . . . It is beginning to show signs of strain and tonight should grace a salad. It has been suggested that I am a cannibal to eat my models."

Weston was living amid the vast but oddly cozy ocean light of Carmel, California. Neighbors included photographer Ansel Adams and poet Robinson Jeffers, whose druidic seaside tower still stands. Weston was the exemplary bohemian who had fled the Middle West with his cameras, a belief in astrology and a penchant for wearing a velvet cape.

And a love of being in love. Despite the bony American Gothic severity he'd brought with him from Illinois to California, there were romantic intrigues in Mexico, Santa Monica and Carmel while his wife, Flora, from the wealthy Chandler family (which would later own the *Los Angeles Times*), supported him.

Of all the people in his life, Weston seems most devoted to his four sons, but his first love was photography and its revelations of nudes, dunes, cypress roots, wrecked cars, toilets, mountains, seaweed, driftwood, rocks, seashells, radishes, cabbages and peppers.

August 3:
"I still had the pepper which caused me a week's work. I had decided I could go no further with it, yet something kept me from taking it to the kitchen, the end of all good peppers."

Then he had the bright idea of placing the pepper inside a funnel, "adding reflected light to important contours."

"Twenty-eight years of effort" went into *Pepper No. 30*, wrote Weston (right).

CENTER FOR CREATIVE PHOTOGRAPHY, TUSCON, ARIZONA;GLENDALE NEWS PRESS PHOTO;MR. AND MRS. JOHN LONGSTRETH.

Weston recalled the exposure: "Just as the light was failing—quickly made" but after a week's work.

Weston's style eventually drifted toward morbidity and cuteness, qualities that make *Rubber Dummies, MGM Studios* unsettling.

On August 8, after printing the picture, he knew he had a masterpiece. He recalled the exposure: "Just as the light was failing—quickly made but with a week's previous effort back of my immediate, unhesitating decision. A week?—yes, on this certain pepper—but twenty-eight years of effort, starting with a youth on a farm in Michigan, armed with a No. 2 Bull's Eye Kodak, 3 1/2 by 3 1/2, have gone into the making of this pepper."

Weston would live until 1958 and age 71. He made fine pictures until 1948, when he was incapacitated by Parkinson's disease. By then his style had drifted toward both morbidity and cuteness, the sort of thing that makes the rubber dummies unsettling.

He'd also stopped keeping daybooks by then, but we have an account by his second wife, Charis Wilson, who was with him that day in 1939 on the MGM back lot. "The sky was blank white and sunless," she wrote. "I pulled one of the dummies out. He was a heavy creature, of dark, spongy rubber, with a cast face that was unnervingly realistic."

It's hard to imagine that these rubber dummies could have kept Weston "keyed up all week," as a pepper once had. But if they lack the authority of Weston's shells or peppers, they have the wistful authority of another sort of truth—that life is a cosmic prank. How Warholian, how postmodern.

They are a grim joke at a time when Weston would soon be getting nostalgic for the passions of his pepper period. In 1942 he wrote to one of his sons that he was having "thoughts 'of the good old Carmel days'—of Bach, and boats and boys growing up; it does not seem so long ago, really isn't."

But it was irretrievable. As he wrote: "Life is fluid, ever changing."

He summed it all up toward the end of his life: "I tried my lifelong to open the eyes of everyone—my own eyes too—by showing how extraordinary the most simple things in this wide and wonderful world."

HENRY ALLEN *won the Pulitzer Prize for his photography criticism in 2000.*

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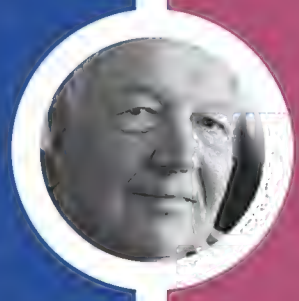

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INTERVIEW

DAVID GALENSON

ECONOMIST, CHICAGO

DARREN BRAUN

Pondering the nature of artistic genius, a social scientist finds that creativity has a bottom line

BY HELEN STARKWEATHER

University of Chicago economist David Galenson recently conducted a quantitative study of artistic greatness. His findings appear in his *Old Masters and Young Geniuses: The Two Life Cycles of Artistic Creativity*.

WHAT ARE THE TWO LIFE CYCLES? Old Masters, who work by trial and error and tend to improve with age, and conceptual people, or Young Geniuses, who generally do their best work early in their careers.

HOW DID YOU MEASURE CREATIVITY? For painters, I looked at auction prices for their works and at art history textbooks and museum retrospectives. In almost all cases, the largest number of an artist's paintings included in textbooks and retrospectives were painted at the same age that his or her works brought the highest prices at auction. Cézanne's best year was age 67. Picasso's was 26. I've done this analysis for several hundred artists.

WHO'S AN OLD MASTER? Cézanne, of course, and Rembrandt, whose work got greater and greater to the very end of his life. Sculptor Louise Bourgeois is an Old Master.

AND YOUNG GENIUSES? In addition to Picasso, Raphael and Vermeer were Young Geniuses. Important artists working today—Cindy Sherman and Damien Hirst—are also Young Geniuses.

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE IN HOW YOUNG GENIUSES AND OLD MASTERS THINK? Conceptual people—the Young Geniuses—emphasize the new idea, and plan their work very carefully. They often say that the execution is perfunctory. Indeed, in today's world, some of the greatest conceptual artists don't even execute their own work—they have it made by other people. But the Old Masters are never entirely sure what it is they want done, so they couldn't possibly have anybody else do it. Cézanne couldn't have said to somebody, "Go and make a painting for me."

ARE YOU AN OLD MASTER OR A YOUNG GENIUS? I'm certainly not a Young Genius; whether I become an Old Master is yet to be seen. The people who do better and better work are never satisfied. Cézanne would say, "I think I've accomplished something," but then he would immediately add: "But it's not enough."

SO THERE'S HOPE FOR LATE BLOOMERS? Yes, but you don't want to compete with conceptual people. They leap from topic to topic. Many Old Masters feel pressure to compete with them by changing subjects, which is a tremendous mistake.

Visit Smithsonian.com for more of the interview.

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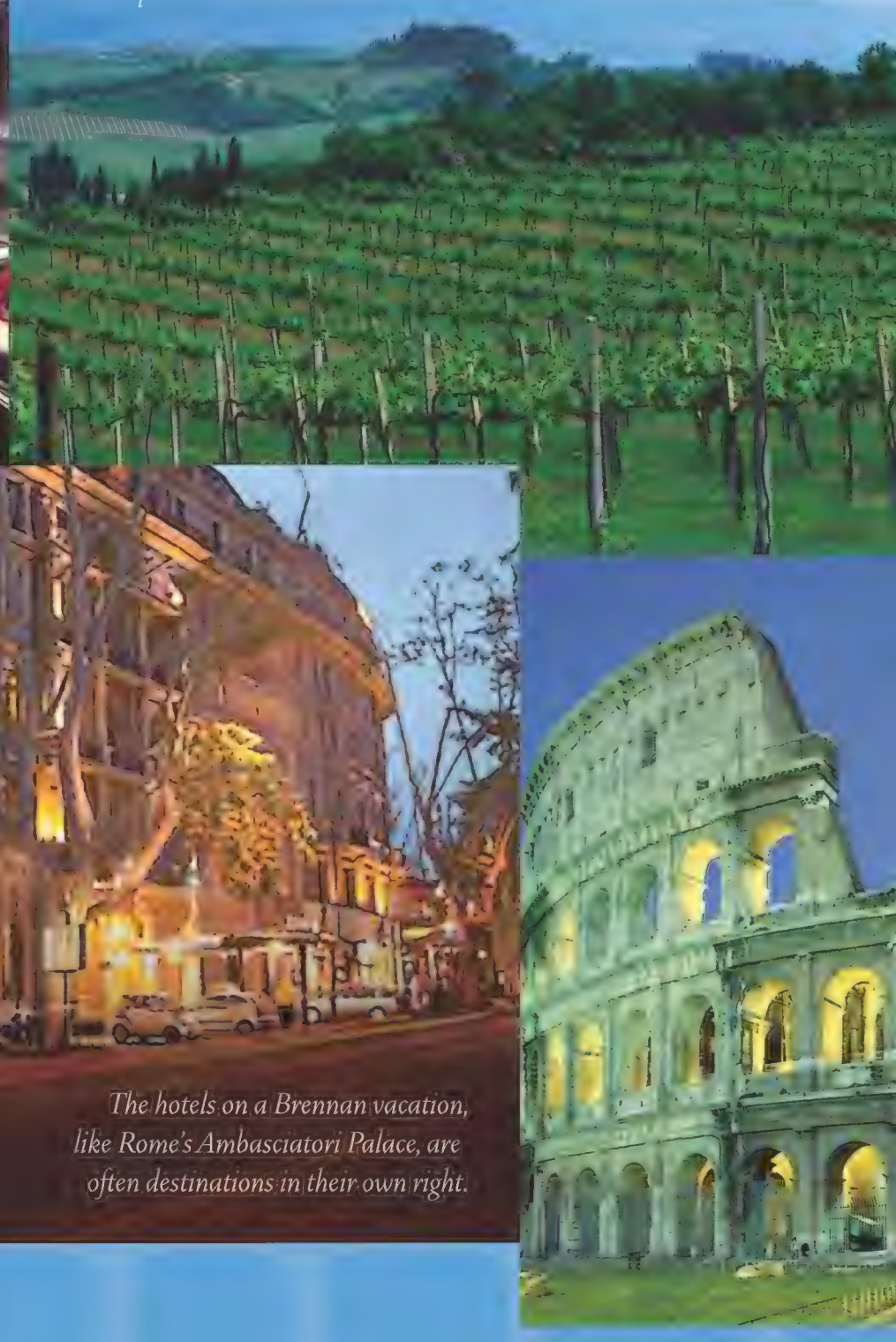

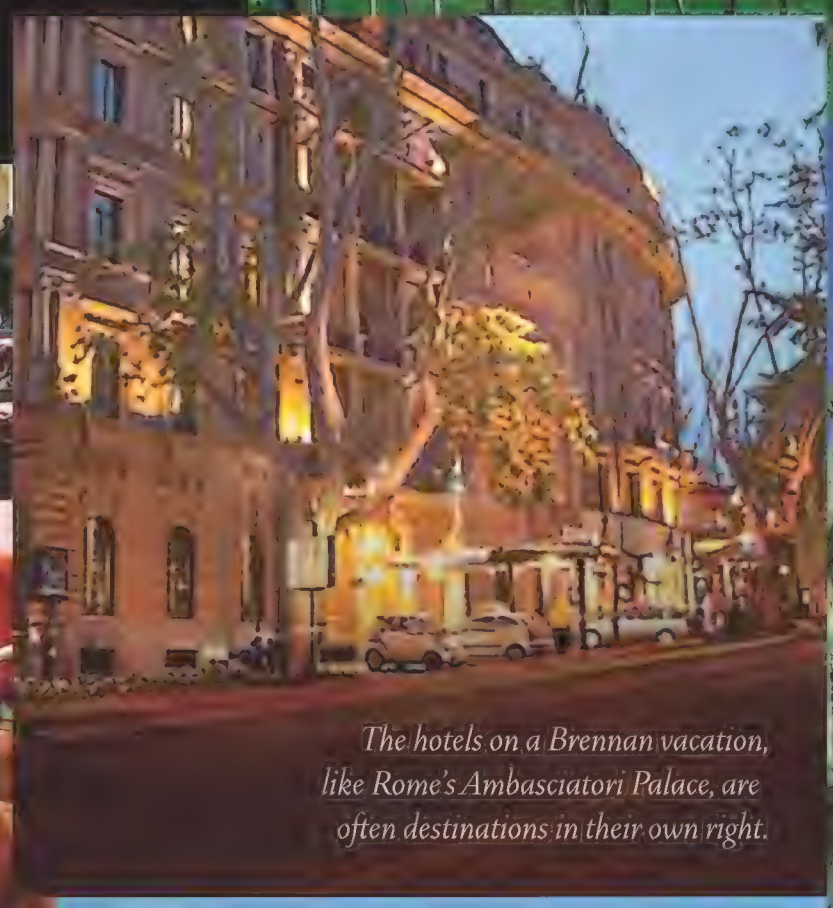

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R.I.P., Mighty O

A fabled aircraft carrier sunk deliberately off the coast of Florida is the world's largest artificial reef **BY GEOFFREY NORMAN**

UNDER TOW and making barely two knots, the USS *Oriskany* seemed a shell of its former self. Once, it had been, to paraphrase John Paul Jones, a fast ship, going in harm's way. Now it was a derelict, old and crippled, its bulkheads stained with patches of rust that could have been lesions. Near where the mouth of the bay opens into the Gulf of Mexico, a tugboat nudged the ship around, and it was possible to appreciate its size—almost three football fields long and nearly 20 stories tall.

Next to it, the salvage craft, tugs and Coast Guard patrol boats escorting it looked like nervous water bugs.

Several people stood on a beach near Pensacola Pass to see the old carrier off. Some had come a long way, and their memories went back many years to when they were young and the ship had been home. Two men were shooting video footage. Had they served on the ship? Yes, they said, in the late 1960s, off North Vietnam.

Did you come far?

"He came from Michigan, and I came from Pennsylvania," one said. "We're old shipmates. No way we would have missed this."

The *Oriskany*—named for a bloody Revolutionary War battle—was launched in 1945, too late to fight in the war that had

MAP: ELIZABETH WOLF; PHOTO : MBT DIVERS, PENSACOLA, FL

The USS *Oriskany*, one of the hardest fighting ships in the fleet, now rests on the Gulf floor, 212 feet down, a new attraction for marine life—and divers.

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Naval engineers predicted that the *Oriskany* might take five hours to founder. But once the explosives in its hull were detonated (left), the unprecedented sea burial was swift, with the ship slipping beneath the waves (center and right) in just 36 minutes.

secured aircraft carriers' place in military history. But the *Oriskany* went on to serve as a floating airfield off the Korean Peninsula. There was plenty of risk and little glory in the work, and when the war was over the ship did its part capturing this truth on film. Many scenes in *The Bridges at Toko-Ri*—the 1954 film about a reserve aviator (William Holden) called up from civilian life to fly combat missions over Korea—were shot aboard it.

After Korea, the *Oriskany*, known to some as the Mighty O, was modernized and routinely deployed to the Western Pacific. It had just returned from duty in the South China Sea when, in August 1964, Navy destroyers reported they were under attack by North Vietnamese torpedo boats in the Gulf of Tonkin. Some say the United States provoked the attack. Others are not convinced there ever *was* an attack. Cmdr. James Stockdale, who later led *Oriskany*'s air group, was flying overhead during it—whatever "it" was. "[I] had the best seat in the house," Stockdale later said, ". . . and our destroyers were just shooting at phantom targets—there were no PT boats there." Still, three days later, Congress passed the Tonkin Gulf Resolution authorizing President Johnson to take whatever measures he thought necessary to resist North Vietnamese aggression.

The *Oriskany* suffered perhaps the most conspicuous losses of any carrier in that war. Stockdale was shot down in 1965, spent more than seven years as a POW, and in 1976 was awarded the Medal of Honor for his leadership and resistance while in captivity. Ross Perot tapped him to be his vice president on his Reform Party ticket in 1992; Stockdale died in 2005. Another *Oriskany* aviator "bagged" over North Vietnam was John McCain, the U.S. senator from Arizona and a likely candidate for the Republican nomination for president. It may seem improbable that two candidates for national office would have served on the same warship, but the *Oriskany* was that kind of ship.

The Navy offered it to Florida, which accepted eagerly. But not all sailors liked the idea of sinking a warship on purpose.

At first, former pilot John McCain (c. 1967), an *Oriskany* veteran, had wanted his old ship to become a museum.

The ship itself became a casualty in 1966 in the South China Sea. While moving magnesium flares into a storage locker, an ammunition handler snagged the safety wire and ignited a flare. It ignited others. At 4,000 degrees, the fire was hot enough to burn through three-inch steel. The ship's ventilation system sucked up the toxic fumes, which filled the forward spaces where many of the pilots were sleeping. Bob Rasmussen, a pilot, was waiting in the cockpit of his F-8 for the first launch of the day. "I saw smoke—a lot of it—coming from an area forward in the hangar bay, and then I heard the call for the fire-control parties," he recalls. "Then they called the ship to battle stations, and that's when you knew we had a problem." Forty-four men died in the fire.

In March 1973, the *Oriskany* completed its final combat cruise, having served 800 days on line during the Vietnam War. Only four carriers spent more time in combat in that war. There are lucky ships and jinxed ships, but the *Oriskany* was neither. Or perhaps it was both. According to men who served on it, the *Oriskany* was, above all, a fighting ship.

AMONG THE IDEAS to preserve the *Oriskany* was a quixotic scheme to tow it to Japan as part of a proposed "City of America" project in Tokyo Bay. The project failed, perhaps mercifully. A civilian contractor bought the ship for salvage in 1995, then went out of business. The Navy repossessed the *Oriskany*, and towed it from Washington State to Texas, where it was to be cut up for scrap. But the Navy, which had many retired ships on its hands, came up with another idea. Why not turn the *Oriskany* into a reef?

In 2004, the Navy offered the ship to Florida, which eagerly accepted the gift. Some Floridians wanted it sunk off Fort Lauderdale, but others sought to sink it in the gulf off Pensacola, the "cradle of naval aviation." Not all sailors liked the idea of sinking a warship on purpose. McCain said at the time that he had

PH2 (AW/NAC) JEFFREY P. KRAUS / U.S. NAVY PHOTO (3); MCCAIN FAMILY COLLECTION

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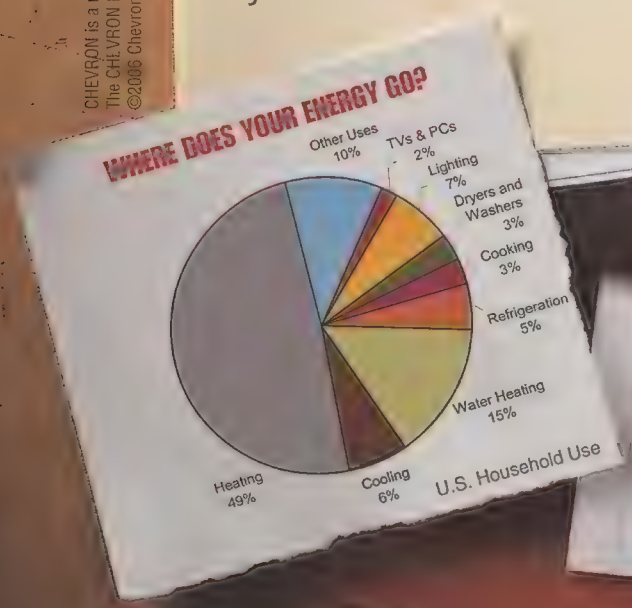

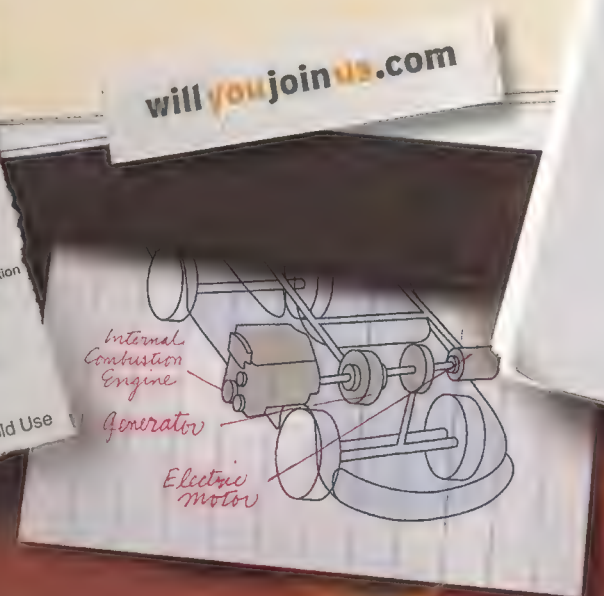

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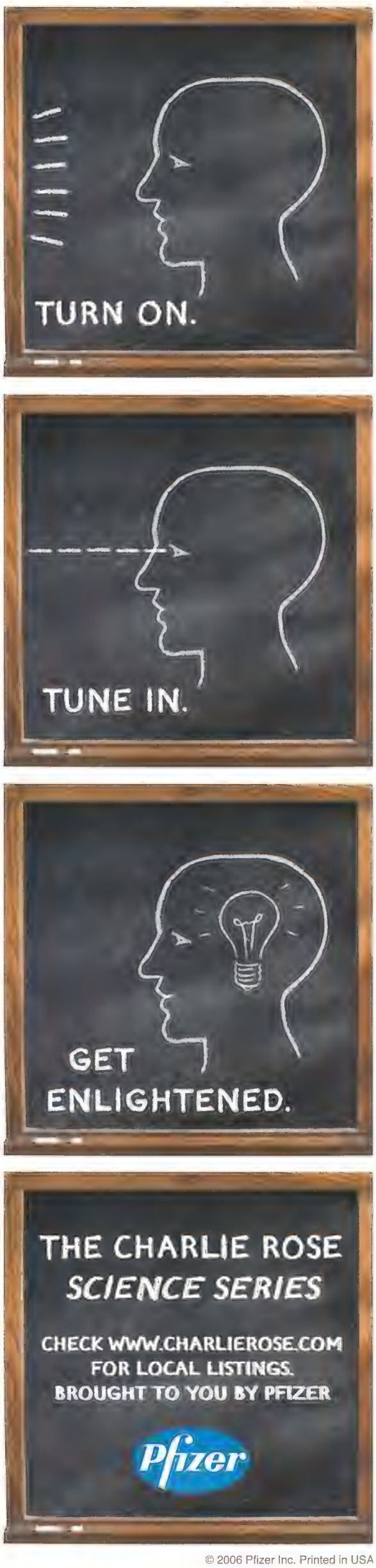

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hoped his old ship would be turned into a museum, but he added that its new use would "provide a lot of recreation" and "as long as people like me are alive, the memory of the ship will be alive."

There are few natural reefs in this part of the Gulf of Mexico. The bottom is as sandy as a desert. To create habitat for coral and fish, anglers and divers have sunk all sorts of things—old cars, busted culverts, washing machines. I have been diving on a number of these artificial reefs, and it is marvelous to see a column of fish circling above a pile of old rubble while, all around, there is nothing but smooth sand and empty water. Even the smallest reef attracts an improbably vast and diverse amount of life. And nothing would approach the *Oriskany*. In fact, it would be the largest artificial reef in the world.

After extensive efforts to remove hazardous materials from the ship, the *Oriskany* was towed from Texas to Pensacola in 2004. By now, the ship was a rusting hulk and hard to look at, if you had known it when it was in the fleet. Nick Eris, who had served on the ship in 1960 and now sells real estate in Pensacola, went to see it. "It was like I had been stabbed in the heart," he says. "I never went back there after that. Just too painful." The ship's agony was prolonged when the Environmental Protection Agency found PCBs on the flight deck, and contractors spent months removing the contaminated planking. When the hurricane season approached, the Navy towed the *Oriskany* back to Texas—where it was hit by a hurricane. All told, the cost of turning the ship into a reef climbed from the initially estimated $2.8 million to more than $20 million. Still, the Navy, which was picking up the tab, maintains that it saved money, because storing an old ship or cutting it for scrap is even more expensive, in the long run, than sending it to the bottom.

As the date for its sinking drew closer, area dive shops made bookings—and local hospitals trained personnel in the treatment of diving injuries. A ceremony for old *Oriskany* hands this past May drew more than 500. On the morning of May 17, some 400 boats were on hand, from elegant yachts to small outboards. One pilgrim who rode a Jet Ski to the site added a touch of carnival atmosphere, but the overall mood was somber. At 10:25 local time, 500 pounds of C-4 explosives opened the *Oriskany*'s hull. Smoke obscured the ship. Naval engineers had predicted the sinking might take as long as five hours. It went down in 36 minutes. The fantail disappeared, water covered the flight deck, and the bow rose ponderously before vanishing under the waves.

Art Giberson, who had been the ship's chief photographer in 1969 and '70, witnessed the sinking through a camera lens from a bobbing yacht. "I'm glad it was that way," he says. "Working keeps you from feeling some things." Lloyd Quiter, who was on the same yacht, had served as a boatswain's mate on the *Oriskany* between 1968 and '71. As the ship slipped away, he blew a last, mournful call to quarters on his brass boatswain's pipe. For a long time after that, he couldn't talk.

The next morning, Travis Allinson, a salvage diver who had worked for three years to ready the ship for its sinking, strapped on his tanks and went in the water, 24 miles southeast of Pensacola. The bottom was 212 feet below him; the *Oriskany*'s superstructure, just over 60 feet. The site, though it is managed by the Florida Fish and Wildlife Conservation Commission, is unmarked (its GPS coordinates are public knowledge). Which is how divers want it. "The visibility was OK for the first 20 or 30 feet," Allinson said of that first dive on the world's largest artificial reef, "and, then, when I got down on the ship, it cleared up until you could just see forever. And it was perfect. She was sitting up just like she was supposed to. I looked around, and there were a couple of remoras following me. So the fish were already finding her. She was doing what we'd put her down there to do. It was definitely the right way to go. Now she has a whole new life."

GEOFFREY NORMAN *is the author of 15 books, including* Bouncing Back, *about the POW experience in Vietnam.*

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MY KIND OF TOWN

FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS

"I had driven up into the northwest Arkansas hills to spend a semester" at the University of Arkansas, says Gilchrist (below); she has stayed more than 30 years.

Watching Water Run

Uncomfortable in a world of privilege, a novelist headed for the hills

BY ELLEN GILCHRIST

IT IS THE HOT, dark heart of summer in this small town that I love. Fireworks have been going off sporadically for several nights, and the teenagers next door are playing water polo in the afternoons in the swimming pool their professor parents built for them this year.

Down the street a 4-year-old girl is riding her tricycle madly around the circular driveway of her parents' home. It seems only yesterday that I walked by the house one morning and saw a pink ribbon on the mailbox. Now she is a tricycle racer, her long curly hair hanging rakishly down over her eyes, her concentration and speed all you need to know about the power of our species.

Last week the painting contractor who painted the exterior of my house gave me a discount for my patience while he had a stent put in an artery leading to his heart. (The attending nurse in the surgery is my weekend workout partner. She also attended the emergency surgery that saved the life of the Game and Fish genius who traps squirrels for me when they eat the trim on my house.) During the prolonged painting job, I took to spending the part of the afternoons when I would normally be taking a nap down at a nearby coffee shop reading newspapers and drinking herbal tea. I ran into the president of a local bank who has recently retired to devote himself to building a natural science museum and planetarium in Fayetteville. We already have plenty of dinosaurs. Some farseeing biologists at the University of Arkansas collected them years ago. They have been saved in a small, musty museum on the campus that was recently closed, to the ire of many of the professors. (There is always plenty of ire

BENJAMIN KRAIN (2)

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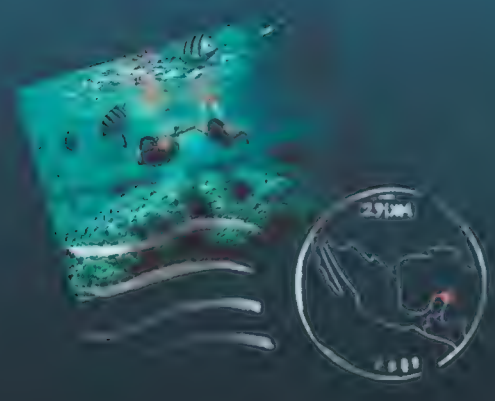

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in a college town, accompanied by a plethora of long-winded letters to the editors of local newspapers and magazines. Nuclear power, pollution, cruelty to animals, war and cutting down trees are contenders for space, but the closing or shutting down of anything at the university is a top contender.)

Fayetteville now has 62,000 people, but it still seems like the much smaller place I found when I was 40 years old and adopted as my home. I had driven up into the northwest Arkansas hills to spend a semester in the writing program at the University of Arkansas, where I now teach. The moment I left the flatlands and began to climb into the Ozark Mountains, I fell in love with the place. There is a welcoming naturalness to the land, and it is reflected in the people. I immediately felt at home in Fayetteville and I still feel that way. Even when I didn't know everyone in town, I felt like I knew them. I lived in small towns in southern Indiana and southern Illinois when I was young, and Fayetteville has always reminded me of those places. There are many people here from the Deep South, but the heart of the place belongs to the Midwest. It is hill country, surrounded by farmland. There are never aristocracies in such places. There aren't enough people to be divided into groups. In the schools of small Midwestern towns, the only aristocracies are of beauty, intelligence and athletic prowess. I had been living in New Orleans, in a world of privilege, and I was never comfortable there. I have lived most of my life in small towns, and I'm in the habit of knowing and talking to everyone.

But I think it is the beauty of the hill country that really speaks to my heart. My ancestors are highland Scots, and my father's home in north Alabama is so much like northwest Arkansas I have the same allergies in both places. Besides, I like to watch water run downhill. After years in the flatlands, I am still delighted at the sight of rain running down my hilly street after a storm. I also like to watch it run down steep steps, before you even get to the thrill of camping north of here and watching it run over real waterfalls near the Buffalo River.

Most of all, this is where I write. Ever since the first night I spent in this town, I have been inspired to write by being here. When people in my family ask me why I live so far away from all of them, I always answer, because it's where I write. The place closes around me and makes me safe and makes me want to sing.

After 30 years of living here, I think I know everyone in town. I cannot walk down a street without seeing people I know or passing places where things occurred that mattered to me. Some of the people I loved have died, but it seems they have never left the place. Their children and grandchildren are here and their legacies: in buildings and businesses or in the town's collective memory. Some are remembered in statues and plaques, and some for things they said or wrote, and others for the places where they walked and lived. People love each other here. It's a habit and a solace in times of trouble.

In certain seasons the town seems festooned with demonic red hogs.

The home of the Razorbacks seems an unlikely place for poets to gather, but more of them keep coming every year.

I live in a glass-and-stone-and-redwood house built by an architect who won the Gold Medal of the American Institute of Architects. I bought the house for a pittance several years before he won the award, and I spend my spare time keeping it in working order. It is on two acres of land. I have deer on the lot behind the house and enough squirrels and turtles and rabbits and foxes and coons and possums to supply several petting zoos. Not to mention crows and redbirds and mockingbirds and woodpeckers and bluebirds and robins and an occasional itinerant roadrunner.

The first novel I wrote was set in Fayetteville, using many of the real people and places as background for the adventures of a poorly disguised autobiographical heroine named Amanda McCamey. (I disguised her by making her thinner, kinder and braver than I was at the time.) The novel was really about Fayetteville:

Fayetteville, Arkansas. Fateville, as the poets call it. Home of the Razorbacks. During certain seasons of the year the whole town seems to be festooned with demonic red hogs charging across bumper stickers, billboards, T-shirts, tie-clasps, bank envelopes, quilts, spiral notebooks, sweaters. Hogs. Hog country. Not a likely place for poets to gather, but more of them keep coming every year. Most of them never bother to leave. Even the ones that leave come back all the time to visit.

Fateville. Home of the Hogs. Also, poets, potters, painters, musicians, woodcarvers, college professors, unwashed doctors, makers of musical instruments. . . .

Amanda had fallen in love with the world where the postman makes stained glass windows, the Orkin man makes dueling swords, the bartender writes murder mysteries, the waitress at the Smokehouse reads Nietzsche on her lunch break.

"Where in the name of God are you going?" everyone in New Orleans kept asking Amanda.

"To Fayetteville, Arkansas," she replied. "My Paris and my Rome."

ELLEN GILCHRIST's *20 books include, most recently,* The Writing Life *and the short story collection* Nora Jane.

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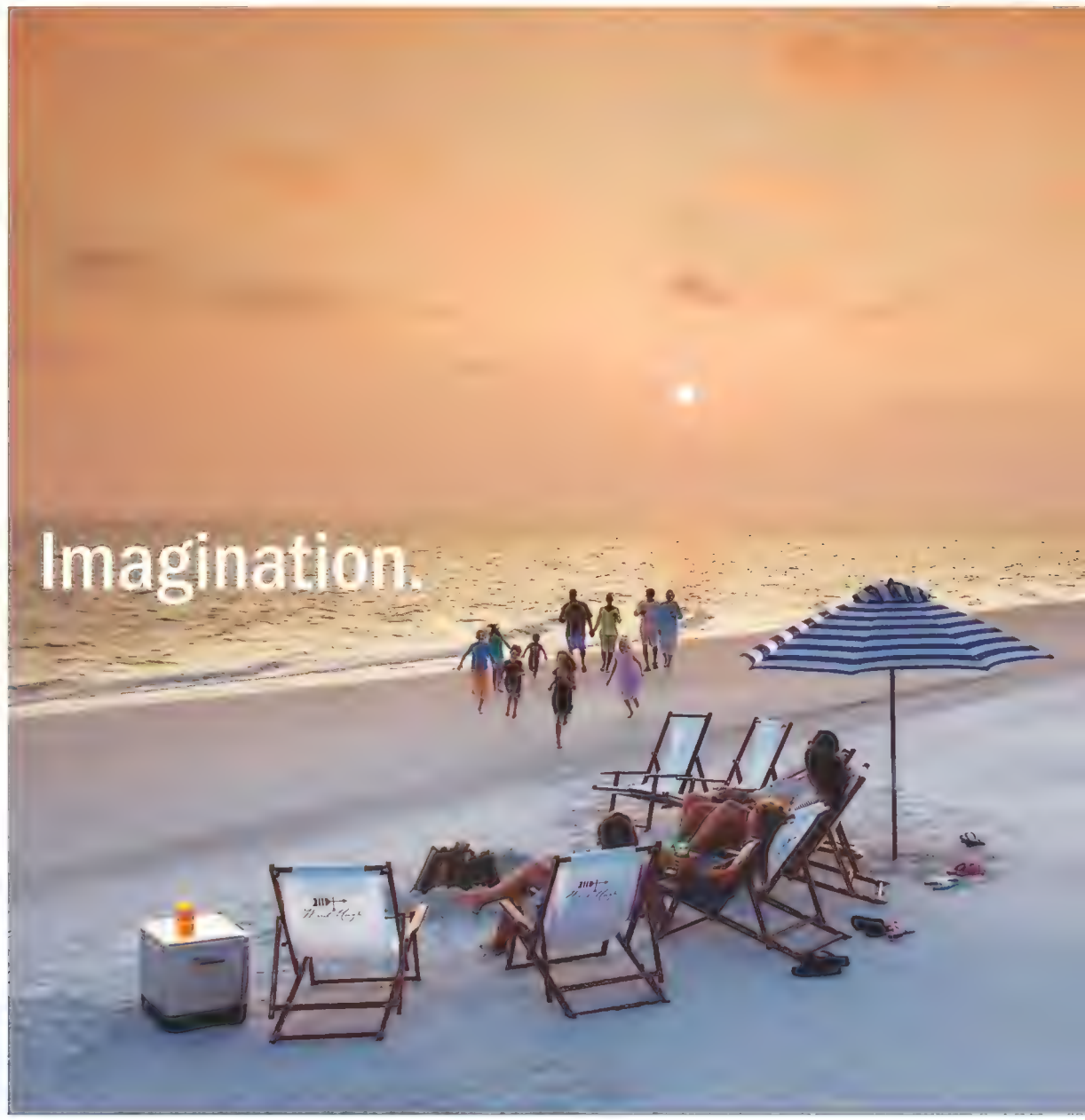

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THIS MONTH IN HISTORY

NOVEMBER ANNIVERSARIES

MOMENTOUS OR MERELY MEMORABLE

50 YEARS AGO SOVIET REPRISAL

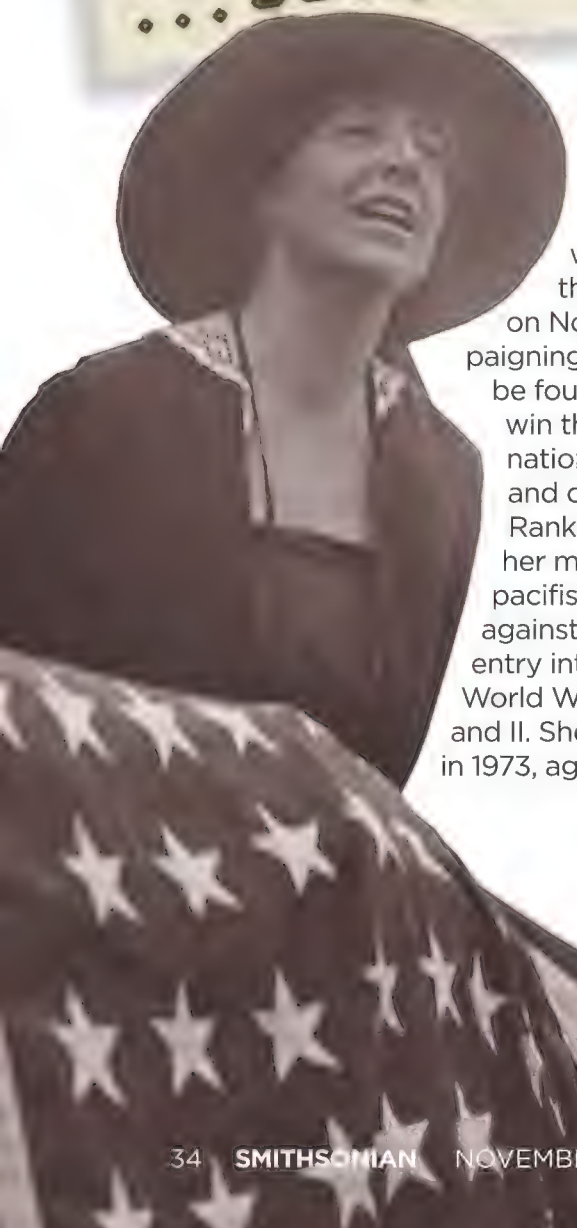
With Hungarian revolutionaries taking up arms to end Communist domination, Soviet forces attack Budapest on November 4, 1956. Tanks crush the mostly working-class and student rebels in six days, killing 2,500. Mass arrests follow; some 13,000 people are imprisoned. The message: take on Communism and you take on the U.S.S.R. It will be 1990 before Hungary holds its first free elections.

40 YEARS AGO WET WORK

Torrential rains collapse the river Arno's embankment on November 4, 1966, inundating Florence, Italy, killing at least 40 people and damaging or destroying millions of rare books and works of art, some by Renaissance masters. A second flood, of "mud angels"—volunteers from all over the world—rushes in to salvage the treasures. The disaster inspires new conservation techniques, but hundreds of works still await restoration today.

100 YEARS AGO SENDING OUT SIGNALS

The International Radiotelegraphic Convention adopts three dots, three dashes and three dots—SOS in Morse code—as the standard wireless distress signal, on November 3, 1906. Chosen because it is easy to send and hard to misinterpret, the signal, which doesn't actually stand for anything—not even Save Our Ship—can't save the *Titanic*, which sends out SOSs in 1912. In 1999 a global satellite system replaces SOS on all large ships.



90 YEARS AGO LADY OF THE HOUSE

Jeannette Rankin is the first woman elected to Congress when Montana votes her into the House of Representatives, on November 7, 1916. After campaigning for women's suffrage—it will be four more years before women win the right to vote in national elections—and child welfare, Rankin makes her mark as a pacifist, voting against U.S. entry into World Wars I and II. She dies in 1973, age 92.

130 YEARS AGO MODEST MAESTRO

Johannes Brahms, 43, debuts his Symphony No. 1 in C minor in Karlsruhe, Germany, on November 4, 1876. Critical of his own work and burdened by his reputation as the next Beethoven, Brahms has worked for 15 years on the piece, which he deems "long, and not exactly lovable." The critics are kinder, praising its "Homeric simplicity" and quickly dubbing the dramatic work "Beethoven's Tenth." The form conquered, Brahms produces three more symphonies in the next ten years. He dies in 1897, at age 66.

25 YEARS AGO FERTILE FERRETS

Federal wildlife biologists announce on November 6, 1981, that a black-footed ferret, a mammal feared extinct, has been discovered alive and well and living in Wyoming. The 2 1/4-pound male, found at home in a prairie dog burrow, is fitted with a radio collar and released. By 2006, captive breeding and reintroduction helps the wild population rebound to some 700 animals in five Western states.

{ BY ALISON McLEAN }

Visit Smithsonian.com for "Today in History."

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: ASSOCIATED PRESS / WIDE WORLD PHOTOS (2); ERIK WASHAM; AKG-IMAGES; JEFF VANUGA / CORBIS; HULTON ARCHIVE / GETTY IMAGES

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Please read this summary of information about LUNESTA before you talk to your doctor or start using LUNESTA. It is not meant to take the place of your doctor's instructions. If you have any questions about LUNESTA tablets, be sure to ask your doctor or pharmacist.

LUNESTA is used to treat different types of sleep problems, such as difficulty in falling asleep, difficulty in maintaining sleep during the night, and waking up too early in the morning. Most people with insomnia have more than one of these problems. You should take LUNESTA immediately before going to bed because of the risk of falling.

LUNESTA belongs to a group of medicines known as "hypnotics" or, simply, sleep medicines. There are many different sleep medicines available to help people sleep better. Insomnia is often transient and intermittent. It usually requires treatment for only a short time, usually 7 to 10 days up to 2 weeks. If your insomnia does not improve after 7 to 10 days of treatment, see your doctor, because it may be a sign of an underlying condition. Some people have chronic sleep problems that may require more prolonged use of sleep medicine. However, you should not use these medicines for long periods without talking with your doctor about the risks and benefits of prolonged use.

Side Effects

All medicines have side effects. The most common side effects of sleep medicines are:

- Drowsiness
- Dizziness
- Lightheadedness
- Difficulty with coordination

Sleep medicines can make you sleepy during the day. How drowsy you feel depends upon how your body reacts to the medicine, which sleep medicine you are taking, and how large a dose your doctor has prescribed. Daytime drowsiness is best avoided by taking the lowest dose possible that will still help you sleep at night. Your doctor will work with you to find the dose of LUNESTA that is best for you. Some people taking LUNESTA have reported next-day sleepiness.

To manage these side effects while you are taking this medicine:

- When you first start taking LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine, until you know whether the medicine will still have some effect on you the next day, use extreme care while doing anything that requires complete alertness, such as driving a car, operating machinery, or piloting an aircraft.
- Do not drink alcohol when you are taking LUNESTA or any sleep medicine. Alcohol can increase the side effects of LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine.
- Do not take any other medicines without asking your doctor first. This includes medicines you can buy without a prescription. Some medicines can cause drowsiness and are best avoided while taking LUNESTA.
- Always take the exact dose of LUNESTA prescribed by your doctor. Never change your dose without talking to your doctor first.

Special Concerns

There are some special problems that may occur while taking sleep medicines.

Memory Problems

Sleep medicines may cause a special type of memory loss or "amnesia." When this occurs, a person may not remember what has happened for several hours after taking the medicine. This is usually not a problem since most people fall asleep after taking the medicine. Memory loss can be a problem, however, when sleep medicines are taken while traveling, such as during an airplane flight and the person wakes up before the effect of the medicine is gone. This has been called "traveler's amnesia." Memory problems have been reported rarely by patients taking LUNESTA in clinical studies. In most cases, memory problems can be avoided if you take LUNESTA only when you are able to get a full night of sleep before you need to be active again. Be sure to talk to your doctor if you think you are having memory problems.

Tolerance

When sleep medicines are used every night for more than a few weeks, they may lose their effectiveness in helping you sleep. This is known as "tolerance." Development of tolerance to LUNESTA was not observed in a clinical study of 6 months' duration. Insomnia is often transient and intermittent, and prolonged use of sleep medicines is generally not necessary. Some people, though, have chronic sleep problems that may require more prolonged use of sleep medicine. If your sleep problems continue, consult your doctor, who will determine whether other measures are needed to overcome your sleep problems.

Dependence

Sleep medicines can cause dependence in some people, especially when these medicines are used regularly for longer than a few weeks or at high doses. Dependence is the need to continue taking a medicine because stopping it is unpleasant.

When people develop dependence, stopping the medicine suddenly may cause unpleasant symptoms (see *Withdrawal* below). They may find they have to keep taking the medicine either at the prescribed dose or at increasing doses just to avoid withdrawal symptoms.

All people taking sleep medicines have some risk of becoming dependent on the medicine. However, people who have been dependent on alcohol or other drugs in the past may have a higher chance of becoming addicted to sleep medicines. This possibility must be considered before using these medicines for more than a few weeks. If you have been addicted to alcohol or drugs in the past, it is important to tell your doctor before starting LUNESTA or any sleep medicine.

Withdrawal

Withdrawal symptoms may occur when sleep medicines are stopped suddenly after being used daily for a long time. In some cases, these symptoms can occur even if the medicine has been used for only a week or two. In mild cases, withdrawal symptoms may include unpleasant feelings. In more severe cases, abdominal and muscle cramps, vomiting, sweating, shakiness, and, rarely, seizures may occur. These more severe withdrawal symptoms are very uncommon. Although withdrawal symptoms have not been observed in the relatively limited controlled trials experience with LUNESTA, there is, nevertheless, the risk of such events in association with the use of any sleep medicine.

Another problem that may occur when sleep medicines are stopped is known as "rebound insomnia." This means that a person may have more trouble sleeping the first few nights after the medicine is stopped than before starting the medicine. If you should experience rebound insomnia, do not get discouraged. This problem usually goes away on its own after 1 or 2 nights.

If you have been taking LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine for more than 1 or 2 weeks, do not stop taking it on your own. Always follow your doctor's directions.

Changes In Behavior And Thinking

Some people using sleep medicines have experienced unusual changes in their thinking and/or behavior. These effects are not common. However, they have included:

- More outgoing or aggressive behavior than normal
- Confusion
- Strange behavior
- Agitation
- Hallucinations
- Worsening of depression
- Suicidal thoughts

How often these effects occur depends on several factors, such as a person's general health, the use of other medicines, and which sleep medicine is being used. Clinical experience with LUNESTA suggests that it is rarely associated with these behavior changes.

It is also important to realize it is rarely clear whether these behavior changes are caused by the medicine, are caused by an illness, or have occurred on their own. In fact, sleep problems that do not improve may be due to illnesses that were present before the medicine was used. If you or your family notice any changes in your behavior, or if you have any unusual or disturbing thoughts, call your doctor immediately.

Pregnancy And Breastfeeding

Sleep medicines may cause sedation or other potential effects in the unborn baby when used during the last weeks of pregnancy. Be sure to tell your doctor if you are pregnant, if you are planning to become pregnant, or if you become pregnant while taking LUNESTA.

In addition, a very small amount of LUNESTA may be present in breast milk after use of the medication. The effects of very small amounts of LUNESTA on an infant are not known; therefore, as with all other prescription sleep medicines, it is recommended that you not take LUNESTA if you are breastfeeding a baby.

Safe Use Of Sleep Medicines

To ensure the safe and effective use of LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine, you should observe the following cautions:

1. LUNESTA is a prescription medicine and should be used ONLY as directed by your doctor. Follow your doctor's instructions about how to take, when to take, and how long to take LUNESTA.
2. Never use LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine for longer than directed by your doctor.
3. If you notice any unusual and/or disturbing thoughts or behavior during treatment with LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine, contact your doctor.
4. Tell your doctor about any medicines you may be taking, including medicines you may buy without a prescription and herbal preparations. You should also tell your doctor if you drink alcohol. DO NOT use alcohol while taking LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine.
5. Do not take LUNESTA unless you are able to get 8 or more hours of sleep before you must be active again.
6. Do not increase the prescribed dose of LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine unless instructed by your doctor.
7. When you first start taking LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine, until you know whether the medicine will still have some effect on you the next day, use extreme care while doing anything that requires complete alertness, such as driving a car, operating machinery, or piloting an aircraft.
8. Be aware that you may have more sleeping problems the first night or two after stopping any sleep medicine.
9. Be sure to tell your doctor if you are pregnant, if you are planning to become pregnant, if you become pregnant, or if you are breastfeeding a baby while taking LUNESTA.
10. As with all prescription medicines, never share LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine with anyone else. Always store LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine in the original container and out of reach of children.
11. Be sure to tell your doctor if you suffer from depression.
12. LUNESTA works very quickly. You should only take LUNESTA immediately before going to bed.
13. For LUNESTA to work best, you should not take it with or immediately after a high-fat, heavy meal.
14. Some people, such as older adults (i.e., ages 65 and over) and people with liver disease, should start with the lower dose (1 mg) of LUNESTA. Your doctor may choose to start therapy at 2 mg. In general, adults under age 65 should be treated with 2 or 3 mg.
15. Each tablet is a single dose; do not crush or break the tablet.

Note: This summary provides important information about LUNESTA. If you would like more information, ask your doctor or pharmacist to let you read the Prescribing Information and then discuss it with him or her.

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Around the Mall

SCENES AND SIGHTINGS FROM THE SMITHSONIAN MUSEUMS AND BEYOND

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IRAQ'S EXILED VIRTUOSO

In 2004, Rahim Alhaj visited Iraq for the first time in 13 years and found that the Institute of Music in Baghdad—his alma mater—was burned and desolate. "There is no music anymore in Iraq," says Alhaj, a renowned master of

DOUGLAS KENT HALL / SMITHSONIAN FOLKWAYS RECORDINGS

Rahim Alhaj's music was banned under Saddam Hussein. Now he hopes it will help Americans better understand Iraqi culture.

Alhaj, 39, says his music is a "conversation between East and West."

MUSICIAN

{ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37 }

the oud, a stringed instrument that some trace to the beginning of Mesopotamian civilization 5,000 years ago.

Alhaj, who came to the United States as a political refugee in 2000 and now lives in Albuquerque, has just released his fourth album, *When the Soul is Settled: Music of Iraq*. Produced by Smithsonian Folkways Recordings, it's a collection of traditional Iraqi *maqams,* or "suites," that include improvised passages. Folkways set out to produce the album after the U.S.-led invasion, largely to counter the superficial picture of Iraqi life in newscasts, says producer D. A. Sonneborne. The label wasn't looking for political music, and Alhaj's maqams, which touch on phenomena such as the cycles of the moon, are about the ancient land's culture.

Which isn't to say that Alhaj himself is apolitical. As a young man, he was active in a secret political party that opposed Saddam Hussein's regime, and he wrote protest songs. He says he was imprisoned in 1986 and 1988—the first time for a year and a half—and that he was subjected to beatings. He says he hid his hands so they would not be injured. Alhaj's family arranged for him to leave the country; his mother sold all her possessions, even her clothes, and spent $20,000 on false identity papers.

In February 1991, a month after the Persian Gulf war started, Alhaj fled to Jordan. Musical instruments could not be taken out of Iraq, he recalls, and when he reached the border he could not explain that he was the famous Rahim Alhaj; his oud was seized. He lived in Jordan two years and then Syria, where he met his wife, Nada Kherbik, before coming to the United States.

Alhaj performs at dozens of U.S. concerts, and he says he wants to show that not all Arabs are terrorists with "weird beards." The oud he plays was made by a childhood friend, Farhan Hassn, who lives in Iraq. The instrument bears two homing pigeons, inlaid in wood; as boys, Alhaj and Hassn raised the birds in Baghdad. Today, Alhaj raises homing pigeons in his backyard. "I learned from them," says Alhaj, who says he might live again in Iraq. "Send them thousands of miles, but one day, they will come back. They have some kind of very unique relationship with their place." { BY KATY JUNE-FRIESEN }

Special Delivery

Through snow, rain, gloom of night and . . . diapers? This anonymous c. 1900 photograph from the Smithsonian's National Postal Museum spoofs the idea of sending a youngster through the mail, but the scenario wasn't that far-fetched. In 1914, a 2-year-old boy *was* sent via Parcel Post from Oklahoma to Kansas (postage paid: 18 cents), and the service delivered at least two other children before it officially barred the mailing of human beings later that year.

This obscure black-and-white sendup is one of 1,800 images now available for viewing on the Smithsonian Photography Initiative's new Web site (photography.si.edu). See John William Draper's breakthrough 1844 daguerreotype of frog blood under a microscope. Or albumen prints of the explorers participating in the 1871 Hayden survey of Wyoming and Colorado. Or teenage skateboarders in 2000 captured in vibrant color by Nikki Lee. Or the Chandra space telescope's dazzling 2001 X-ray mosaic of the Milky Way.

The initiative, which will continue to add images, draws on the more than 13 million photographs in 700 collections at Smithsonian museums and research centers. { BY ALISON McLEAN }

In the bag: Smithsonian photographs on the Web.

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FROM THE SECRETARY

Ways of Seeing

Inviting artists to help showcase its collections is just one way the Hirshhorn Museum is expanding its vision

BOLD initiatives by a new director are revitalizing the Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, the Smithsonian's museum of modern and contemporary art. Even if you visited last summer, come back this winter and you'll see how dramatically things are changing at our most visually innovative museum. (Elevated on huge piers, the ring-shaped building, with a spectacular high-shooting fountain in the middle, seems to float above its plaza, offering views right through to the Sculpture Garden.)

One immediately noticeable change will be the absence of Alexander Calder's wonderful sculpture *Two Discs*, which for years has greeted visitors as they enter the Hirshhorn from Independence Avenue, one of Washington's busiest boulevards, within sight of the Capitol. The sculpture is being temporarily removed for restoration. In its place will be a new work by Miami-based sculptor Mark Handforth, a large, brightly painted aluminum star (depicted at right). No doubt the star will inspire passersby to contemplate: Has it fallen from the cosmos? Or, with its left "leg" seemingly extended, did it somehow walk onto the Hirshhorn plaza? Installation is scheduled for late this year.

Hirshhorn happenings: A new director, Olga Viso, and a new star sculpture.

Handforth's star will complement the Hirshhorn's newest exhibition, "The Uncertainty of Objects and Ideas: Recent Sculpture." This show presents works by nine emerging sculptors who give physical form to such intangible concepts as a state of mind, a scientific theory or a physical phenomenon.

The Hirshhorn is one of the world's most visited contemporary art museums. Not only does it have an exceptional collection of 20th- and 21st-century art, but it strives to advance artists' ideas in ways beyond just exhibiting their works. The museum also strives to engage visitors, and offers a wide array of public programs: Podcasts of artist interviews; Artist on Artist gallery tours; art workshops for young visitors, designed and led by working artists; a film program, featuring independent films as well as ones by and about artists; and evening programs, including late night "After Hours" events with musical performances.

With a new exhibition series called "Ways of Seeing," the Hirshhorn has taken a dynamic turn, inviting artists and other creative individuals from outside the museum, such as filmmakers and architects, to offer their perspectives on the collection.

The first "Ways of Seeing" exhibition, which will be on view through April 2007, was created by conceptual artist John Baldessari, one of the most influential American artists working and teaching today. Over the past year, in collaboration with Hirshhorn staff, "guest curator" Baldessari combed through the museum's 12,000 objects to choose artworks and arrange them according to his own unique vision. The result is a refreshing display of thoughtful pairings and juxtapositions, including works by some lesser-known artists. I suspect the show will surprise and delight visitors even as it stretches traditional museum display practices.

Art, artists and audiences are all crucial elements in the Hirshhorn mix. So we invite you to visit. The new ways of seeing you discover may be John Baldessari's, those of the nine contemporary sculptors, or best of all, your own.

LAWRENCE M. SMALL
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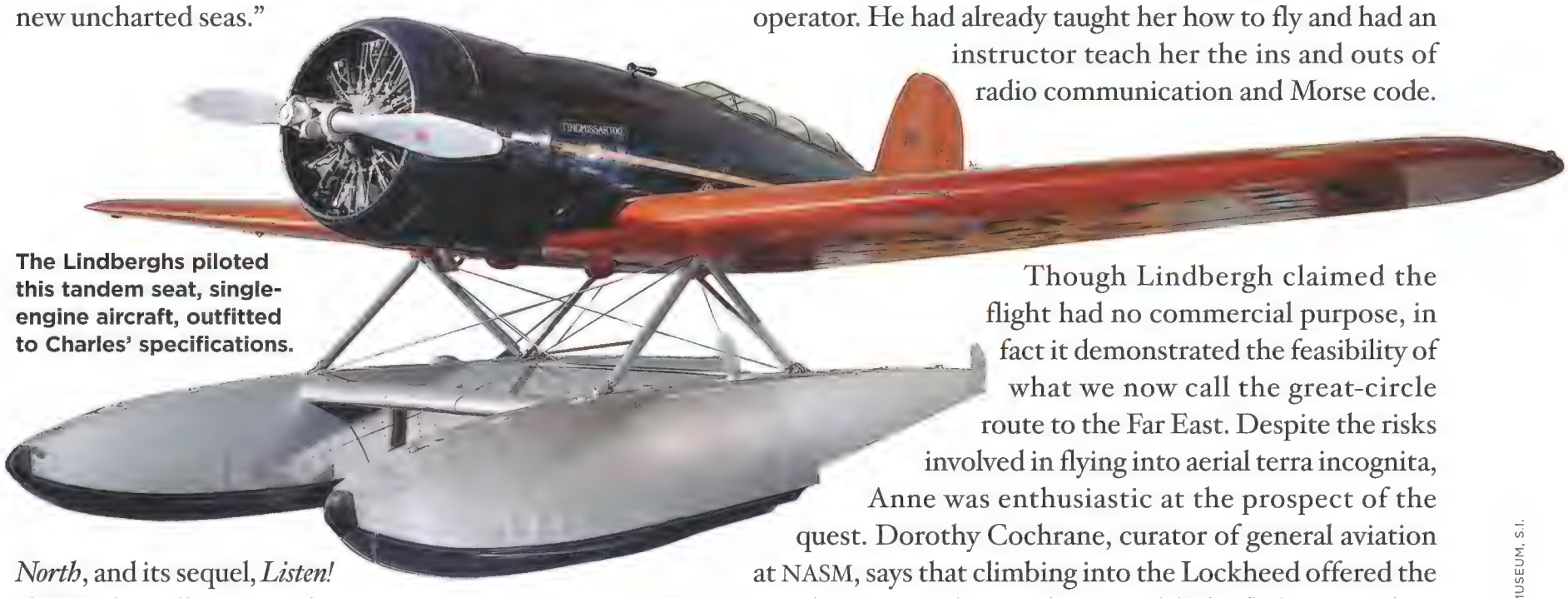
SKY WRITER

Anne Morrow Lindbergh chronicled the flights made with her celebrated husband

BY OWEN EDWARDS

THE AIRPLANE that Charles Lindbergh flew across the Atlantic on his historic trip from New York to Paris in 1927 was famously named the *Spirit of St. Louis*. Today, it constitutes one of the most treasured artifacts at the Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum (NASM). But there's another Lindbergh craft there, a 1929 Lockheed 8 Sirius monoplane, that might well be called The Spirit of the Two of Us. In this tandem seat, single-engine plane, America's most celebrated pilot and his new wife, Anne Morrow, flew together on epic journeys that are the aerial equivalent of voyages of discovery by the great 15th- and 16th-century sea captains. In her bestselling *North to the Orient,* Anne Morrow Lindbergh described the couple's first odyssey, an arduous series of flights covering more than 7,000 miles from the United States over Canada, Alaska and Siberia to China. "Travelers," she wrote, "are always discoverers, especially those who travel by air. There are no signposts in the sky to show a man has passed that way before. There are no channels marked. The flier breaks each second into new uncharted seas."



The Lindberghs piloted this tandem seat, single-engine aircraft, outfitted to Charles' specifications.

North, and its sequel, *Listen! the Wind*, vividly convey the romance and revelations of these heroic journeys when flight was still an adventure. The year 2006 marks the centenary of Morrow's birth.

After his triumphant transatlantic flight, Lindbergh made tours of this continent to promote aviation. On a stop in Mexico City, where he was a guest at the U.S. Embassy, Lindbergh met the ambassador's daughter Anne, on Christmas break from Smith College. Her effect on Charles was instant; the gallant knight errant gave the charming young woman a ride in his airplane, and the rest is his—and her—story.

In 1929, Juan Trippe, the aviation entrepreneur who founded Pan American Airlines, hired Lindbergh as a technical consultant (for $10,000 a year and stock options). Trippe's motives, according to author Barnaby Conrad in *Pan Am: An Aviation Legend*, were mostly for the public relations that came with having America's "Lone Eagle" associated with his fledgling carrier. Lindbergh would be connected with Pan Am for four decades, but his early flights with Anne were as significant as anything he ever would do with the company.

In 1931, Lindbergh announced that he and his wife were taking a flight that he called a vacation, "with no records to be sought." Anne would be copilot, navigator and radio operator. He had already taught her how to fly and had an instructor teach her the ins and outs of radio communication and Morse code.

Though Lindbergh claimed the flight had no commercial purpose, in fact it demonstrated the feasibility of what we now call the great-circle route to the Far East. Despite the risks involved in flying into aerial terra incognita, Anne was enthusiastic at the prospect of the quest. Dorothy Cochrane, curator of general aviation at NASM, says that climbing into the Lockheed offered the couple a privacy they rarely enjoyed. "The flights were their way of getting away from the press," she says. "They could not have been happier to get the chance."

Of course, the press was fascinated by the idea of such a couple on such an adventure. The Lindberghs had movie star wattage, yet they were real people doing really extraordinary things. (Some of the marital conversations Anne records in her books have the crisp syncopation of Myrna Loy and William Powell in *The Thin Man* movies.) Anne, with an indispensable share of duties and still shy with re-

ERIC LONG, NASM, S.I.; NATIONAL AIR AND SPACE MUSEUM, S.I.

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Q&A

LUCY LAWLESS, star of *Xena: Warrior Princess*, which aired from 1995 to 2001, has given her signature costume to the Museum of American History. She spoke with the magazine's Katy June-Friesen.

WHAT DO YOU AND XENA HAVE IN COMMON?
Well, I can be quite hard-core myself, I suppose. As an actor, everything has to come out of you somewhere—otherwise it doesn't strike a chord in viewers. Of course, I never killed anybody, I haven't slain warlords, and I really can't do flips.

DID YOU EVER EXPECT TO BE A LEADING LADY IN THE WORLD OF CAMPY SCI-FI? No, because I never watched it, never read it, never particularly liked it. But the fact is, sci-fi deals with some of the biggest issues of philosophy and humanity and politics today. And I'm offered a lot of roles such as, "Do you want to be a cop?" or "Do you want to be a housewife?" But now sci-fi roles interest me intrinsically.

WAS THE WARRIOR PRINCESS OUTFIT COMFORTABLE? Not at first, because they would put boning in the corset. It would cover up those little floating ribs that are so important for breathing, so I'd feel like I was having panic attacks. But it just became a second skin after a while. It was very functional, once I got over the modesty factor. I admit to being a little bit embarrassed the first couple weeks because I'd never worn anything so short.

"I was black and blue for the first couple of years," Lawless says.

Who's Counting?

26 whole Chilkat robes, used for ceremonial dances by several Native peoples of the North Pacific coast (a twined wool and cedar bark robe c. 1880), are in the collections of the National Museum of the American Indian.

porters, wrote of her exasperation with the kind of questions she was asked as the couple prepared to climb into the Sirius for the first leg of their trip:

"As I walked out of the building two women ran up to me.

'Oh, Mrs. Lindbergh,' said one, 'the women of America are so anxious to know about your clothes.'

'And I,' said the other, 'want to write a little article about your housekeeping in the ship. Where do you put the lunch boxes?'"

"I felt depressed," she wrote, not surprisingly.

Unlike the awkward-looking *Spirit of St. Louis*, the low-wing Sirius, designed by John Northrop and Gerard Vultee, has a more aerodynamic shape, a look that would become familiar in later military aircraft. Lindbergh also had asked that there be a double canopy, so that his copilot could have her own opening to the outside air. Initially, he had requested a land-based plane with retractable landing gear—a modern idea at the time—but ended up with floats to take advantage of the many lakes on the northern route.

In the rear cockpit, according to Cochrane, Anne could make the confined space "very comfortable" by removing the plane's second control stick. The space above her controls was open, so the Lindberghs could pass notes back and forth. The pontoons and the fuselage were packed with fuel, supplies, camping gear and emergency equipment.

The durable Sirius was far more than a magic carpet for a daring pair. "These flights were critical to the future of aviation," says Cochrane. Anne Lindbergh felt the enchantment, and divined the importance. "Our route was new;" she wrote, "the air untraveled; the conditions unknown; the stories mythical; the maps, pale, pink, and indefinite, except for a few names, far to the east of our course, to show that someone before us pointed his ship, also, 'North to the Orient.'"

OWEN EDWARDS *is executive editor of* Edutopia, *a magazine about education.*

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VYTORIN is a medicine used to lower levels of total cholesterol, LDL (bad) cholesterol, and fatty substances called triglycerides in the blood. In addition, VYTORIN raises levels of HDL (good) cholesterol. It is used for patients who cannot control their cholesterol levels by diet alone. You should stay on a cholesterol-lowering diet while taking this medicine.

VYTORIN works to reduce your cholesterol in two ways. It reduces the cholesterol absorbed in your digestive tract, as well as the cholesterol your body makes by itself. VYTORIN does not help you lose weight.

Who should not take VYTORIN?

Do not take VYTORIN:

- If you are allergic to ezetimibe or simvastatin, the active ingredients in VYTORIN, or to the inactive ingredients. For a list of inactive ingredients, see the "Inactive ingredients" section at the end of this information sheet.
- If you have active liver disease or repeated blood tests indicating possible liver problems.
- If you are pregnant, or think you may be pregnant, or planning to become pregnant or breast-feeding.

VYTORIN is not recommended for use in children under 10 years of age.

What should I tell my doctor before and while taking VYTORIN?

Tell your doctor right away if you experience unexplained muscle pain, tenderness, or weakness. This is because on rare occasions, muscle problems can be serious, including muscle breakdown resulting in kidney damage.

The risk of muscle breakdown is greater at higher doses of VYTORIN.

The risk of muscle breakdown is greater in patients with kidney problems.

Taking VYTORIN with certain substances can increase the risk of muscle problems. It is particularly important to tell your doctor if you are taking any of the following:

- cyclosporine
- danazol
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- fibric acid derivatives (such as gemfibrozil, bezafibrate, or fenofibrate)
- the antibiotics erythromycin, clarithromycin, and telithromycin
- HIV protease inhibitors (such as indinavir, nelfinavir, ritonavir, and saquinavir)
- the antidepressant nefazodone
- amiodarone (a drug used to treat an irregular heartbeat)
- verapamil (a drug used to treat high blood pressure, chest pain associated with heart disease, or other heart conditions)
- large doses (≥1 g/day) of niacin or nicotinic acid
- large quantities of grapefruit juice (>1 quart daily)

It is also important to tell your doctor if you are taking coumarin anticoagulants (drugs that prevent blood clots, such as warfarin).

Tell your doctor about any prescription and nonprescription medicines you are taking or plan to take, including natural or herbal remedies.

Tell your doctor about all your medical conditions including allergies.

Tell your doctor if you:

- drink substantial quantities of alcohol or ever had liver problems. VYTORIN may not be right for you.
- are pregnant or plan to become pregnant. Do not use VYTORIN if you are pregnant, trying to become pregnant or suspect that you are pregnant. If you become pregnant while taking VYTORIN, stop taking it and contact your doctor immediately.
- are breast-feeding. Do not use VYTORIN if you are breast-feeding.

Tell other doctors prescribing a new medication that you are taking VYTORIN.

How should I take VYTORIN?

- Take VYTORIN once a day, in the evening, with or without food.
- Try to take VYTORIN as prescribed. If you miss a dose, do not take an extra dose. Just resume your usual schedule.
- Continue to follow a cholesterol-lowering diet while taking VYTORIN. Ask your doctor if you need diet information.
- Keep taking VYTORIN unless your doctor tells you to stop. If you stop taking VYTORIN, your cholesterol may rise again.

What should I do in case of an overdose?

Contact your doctor immediately.

What are the possible side effects of VYTORIN?

See your doctor regularly to check your cholesterol level and to check for side effects. Your doctor may do blood tests to check your liver before you start taking VYTORIN and during treatment.

In clinical studies patients reported the following common side effects while taking VYTORIN: headache and muscle pain (see What should I tell my doctor before and while taking VYTORIN?).

The following side effects have been reported in general use with either ezetimibe or simvastatin tablets (tablets that contain the active ingredients of VYTORIN):

- allergic reactions including swelling of the face, lips, tongue, and/or throat that may cause difficulty in breathing or swallowing (which may require treatment right away), rash, hives; joint pain; alterations in some laboratory blood tests; liver problems; inflammation of the pancreas; nausea; gallstones; inflammation of the gallbladder.

Tell your doctor if you are having these or any other medical problems while on VYTORIN. This is <u>not</u> a complete list of side effects. For a complete list, ask your doctor or pharmacist.

General Information about VYTORIN

Medicines are sometimes prescribed for conditions that are not mentioned in patient information leaflets. Do not use VYTORIN for a condition for which it was not prescribed. Do not give VYTORIN to other people, even if they have the same condition you have. It may harm them.

This summarizes the most important information about VYTORIN. If you would like more information, talk with your doctor. You can ask your pharmacist or doctor for information about VYTORIN that is written for health professionals. For additional information, visit the following web site: vytorin.com.

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What's Up

TOPPER Is there a more stirring piece of our past? The hat Abraham Lincoln wore to Ford's Theatre the night he was shot—April 14, 1865—is among 150 historic items at the Air and Space Museum, as of November 17, while the Museum of American History is closed for renovation.

1ST CLASS

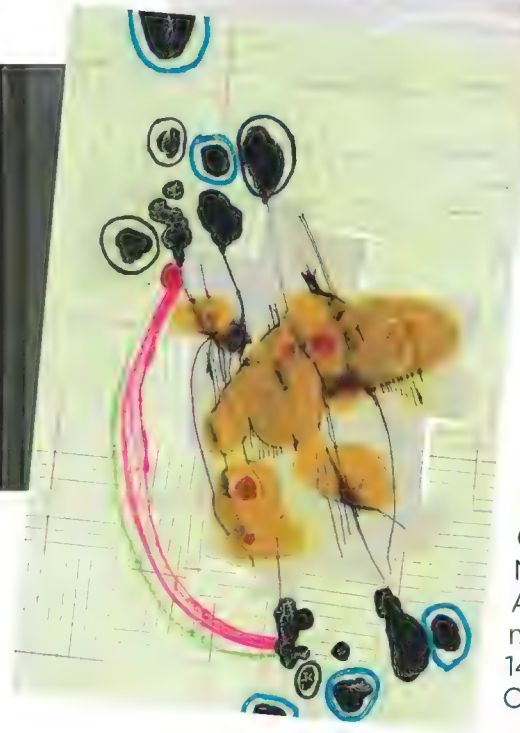
Mort Kunstler's oil painting of a buffalo soldier (left) became a 29-cent stamp in 1994. See the original at the Postal Museum starting November 16, along with about 75 other artworks-turned-postage.

LENS IS MORE

The penguins were "like kids on a jungle gym," Ralph Lee Hopkins says of taking this picture in Antarctica, one of 60 prints—from 2 nature photography contests—at the Museum of Natural History starting November 10.

NO POPCORN, BUT THEY'RE FREE

Got the Hollywood blahs? Jesper Just, a 32-year-old filmmaker in Copenhagen, makes "sumptuous" short movies with loads of edge and angst. Two (2005's *Something to Love*) are showing continuously at the Hirshhorn until December 10.



ABILITIES

21-year-old Emily Alexander, who has multiple sclerosis and lives in Chicago, won top honors in the National Juried Exhibition for Young Artists with Disabilities. Her mixed media *Butterfly* (left) and works by 14 finalists are at the S. Dillon Ripley Center until November 30.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: RICHARD STRAUSS / NMAH, S.I.; LAURA CRAWFORD WILLIAMS / NMNH, S.I.; "BUTTERFLY," 2006. EMILY ALEXANDER; JESPER JUST / PERRY RUBENSTEIN GALLERY, NEW YORK; U.S. POSTAL SERVICE

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Visit Smithsonian.com for a complete list of events and exhibitions.

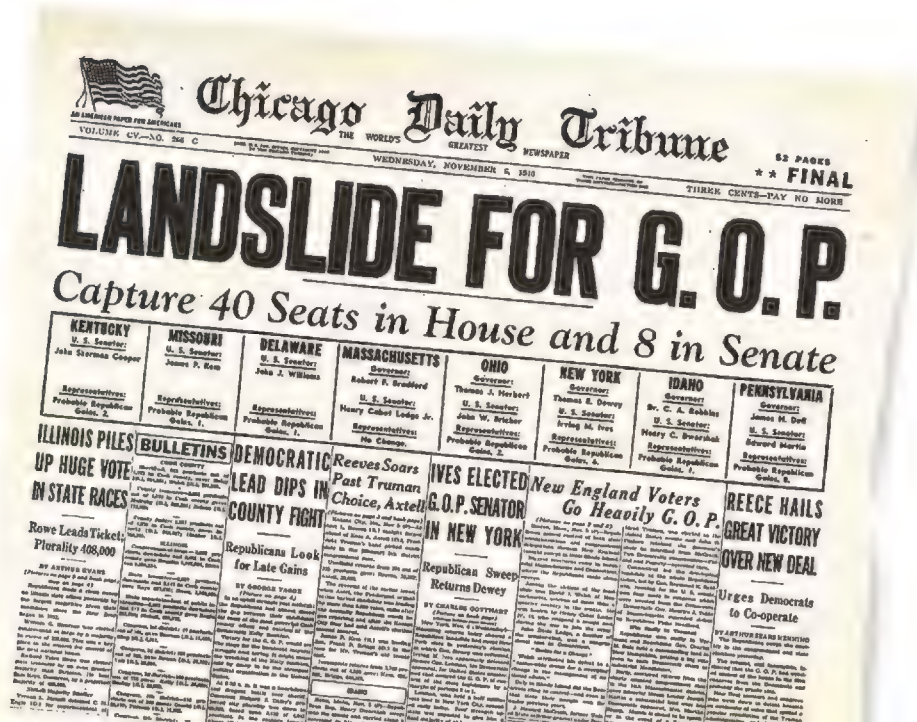
Smithsonian
{ NOVEMBER 2006 · VOLUME 37, NUMBER 8 }

NEW FACES OF 1946

An unpopular president. A war-weary people. In the midterm elections of 60 years ago, voters took aim at incumbents

BY WILLIAM E. LEUCHTENBURG

WELL BEFORE VOTERS streamed to the polls in the November 1946 midterm election, Republicans scented victory. Not once in Franklin Delano Roosevelt's 12-year presidency had they gained control of Congress, but the Democrats no longer had FDR (who had died the year before) to lead them. The GOP could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Republican Sweep Returns Dewey

New England Voters Go Heavily G. O. P.

REECE HAILS GREAT VICTORY OVER NEW DEAL
Urges Democrats to Co-operate

CHICAGO TRIBUNE; P. 49 CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: GEORGE LACKS / TIME & LIFE PICTURES / GETTY IMAGES; BETTMANN / CORBIS; CORBIS

In 1946, for the first time since 1930, Republicans won control of Congress (newcomers included, top, from left, California Congressman Richard Nixon and Wisconsin Senator Joseph McCarthy). Among the few Democrats to win a first-time seat was a young Massachusetts congressman, John F. Kennedy.

count on other advantages as well. The party in power almost always sustains losses in off-year contests. Most U.S. Senate seats at risk were held by Democrats. Yet the biggest liability for Democrats by far was an albatross: the president of the United States, Harry S. Truman.

When Vice President Truman succeeded to the presidency on April 12, 1945, in the last months of World War II, few would have predicted that only a year later he would prove such a liability to his party. Soon after he took office, as the country rallied around their new commander in chief, a Gallup poll reported an approval rating of 87 percent, a figure that not even FDR had achieved.

But the end of the war confronted Truman with a predicament bound to erode political capital. After more than 15 years of deprivation—the Great Depression was followed by wartime rationing—Americans, at last able to enjoy peacetime prosperity, chafed at finding so many things in short supply. At one point in 1946, during a flour shortage, Illinois saw block-long bread lines, reminiscent of the darkest days of the Depression. That same year, in Denver, women hijacked a bread delivery truck. And demand kept driving prices up. Too much money chased too few goods: too few Chevys, too few nylons, too few beefsteaks.

Truman faced an impossible dilemma. He was expected to cope with shortages, yet hold prices down: if he did not do both, he would be blamed. It was unfair, but the country was rarely fair to Truman while he was in the White House. The president's one slim hope was that an agency established by FDR—the Office of Price Administration (OPA)—could maintain a semblance of order while the economy adjusted. But the American people were sick of controls that they had resisted even in wartime.

Truman did not make matters any easier by getting rid of most of the New Dealers he had inherited, appointing Missouri cronies in their place. The president, said a prominent member of the administration who spoke to the press only on condition of anonymity, had surrounded himself with "a lot of second-rate guys trying to function in an atom bomb world." In October 1946, the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion, headed by the parochial Missouri banker John Snyder, lifted controls on building materials prematurely. By the time they had been reimposed, precious resources needed to create housing for veterans and their families had been squandered on construction of everything from cocktail lounges to racetracks, dismaying OPA's director, Chester Bowles. With subordinates warring over economic policy, Truman jauntily read aloud a note from an aide, handed him at a press conference, that summed up the strife: "Things seem to be going fairly well. A spirit of pessimism prevails in all departments."

From the day he took office, Truman was subjected to an intimidating, if inevitable, comparison: "What would Roosevelt have done if he were alive?" Truman began his presidency, observed columnists Joseph and Stewart Alsop, by consulting Eleanor Roosevelt "as he might have consulted a medium." "I look at him," a prominent New Dealer said, "and I say to myself, 'Yes, he is in Roosevelt's chair, yes he is, yes he is.' And then I say, 'Oh, no, no, my God, it's impossible.'" When the president's troubles mounted, the question took an even crueler turn: "What would Truman do if he were alive?" Deacon of the Second Baptist Church, graduate of the Kansas City Business School, member of the Moose, Elk, Lion, Eagle and Shriner lodges, a failed haberdasher—Truman, carped faultfinders, was a hinterland small towner way out of his depth.

They doubted especially whether he grasped how to deal with unions. The 116 million man-days of labor lost to strikes in 1946—three times the total reached in any year before—blew gaping holes in OPA's dike against inflationary seas. In November 1945, autoworkers called a walkout against General Motors that lasted 113 days. It ended only after they were granted a wage and benefits raise of a then-whopping 18.5 cents an hour. In February, about 750,000 steelworkers won almost as much, but in return the government let owners boost prices by five dollars a ton. Shutting down assembly lines only worsened consumer goods shortages. If the president did not find a way of ending stoppages, spiraling prices would chase wage increases.

When railroad unions called a nationwide strike in May 1946 that crippled commuter service and dumped transcontinental train passengers in the desert, Truman blew a fuse. Advisers could not deter him from going before Congress and demanding authority to draft railroad strikers into the Army. When his attorney general, Tom Clark, questioned the idea's constitutionality, the president retorted, "We'll draft 'em first and think about the law later."

It took the House less than two hours to vote, 306-13, to approve this drastic measure, but in the Senate an unusual alliance of liberal Democrats and conservative Republicans defeated it, after compelling Truman's supporters to admit that if workers refused to return to their jobs, they could be regarded as traitors and court-martialed. Hence, the ultimate penalty, one Republican pointed out, was "death or penitentiary." Even some senators who wanted to curb unions thought that was going too far.

Said Clarence Brown of the Republican Congressional Committee, "Brother, the tide is sweepin' our way."

Historian **WILLIAM E. LEUCHTENBURG** *is the author of six books on FDR and his era. His most recent work is* The White House Looks South: Franklin D. Roosevelt, Harry S. Truman, Lyndon B. Johnson, *from Louisiana State University Press.*

To moderates, Truman appeared impetuous, and the episode badly hurt Democrats looking toward the 1946 election. Unions, the mainstay of Democratic candidates, were furious. R. J. Thomas, national secretary of the Congress of Industrial Organizations' (CIO's) political action committee, strode into his office, removed the picture of the president and himself hanging on the wall by his desk, and dumped it into a wastebasket. "Labor," he declared, "is through with Truman."

The railway melodrama erupted while Truman was plagued by mounting inflation. In January 1946, he had told Congress that he wanted new price control legislation on his desk by April 1. Not until the end of June, as OPA's authority was about to expire, did a bill arrive. It was so dreadfully inadequate that Bowles, who now headed up the Office of Economic Stabilization, submitted his resignation. "Clearly," he said, "I cannot remain here to administer the inflationary bill which Congress . . . presented for your signature." What was Truman to do? If he signed the measure, he would be expected to constrain inflation without the mechanisms to do so. If he did not sign, all controls would end at midnight June 30; prices would run riot. Truman vetoed the bill.

Just as he had predicted, lifting government controls caused economic havoc, but Congress was only slightly chastened. In the next two weeks, prices rose more than in the previous three years. Within days, wholesale prices for food soared to heights not seen since 1920; grocery items from butter to coffee surged to record peaks. Congress soon enacted a new bill—little, if any, better than the one he had vetoed—but on July 25, "with reluctance," Truman signed it into law.

The blame for this sorry state of affairs might well have fallen on obstructionists in Congress; instead, most of it descended on the president, the result of his exposed position and his inconsistency. Of this interlude, even Truman's sympathetic biographer, Alonzo Hamby, has written: "Truman's performance was terrible. He appeared to have danced around every side of the issue. He was weak, then strong, then weak again." On July 26, *Time* magazine's Congressional correspondent, Frank McNaughton, wrote in an internal memo, "Harry Truman could not carry Missouri now."

When a cap was reimposed on meat prices, stockmen refused to send their cattle to packinghouses; tens of thousands of butchers across America had to close down. From Albuquerque to Miami, customers in search of meat rioted.

For weeks, the pursuit of red-blooded protein and lamentation about "famine" became national obsessions. "The weird cry for 'meat,'" wrote *Collier's Weekly* columnist Tom Stokes afterward, "seemed, as one heard it, to symbolize the desire for all things material." The demand for hamburger, however, reflected more than the greed of spoiled Americans. (In postwar Europe at that very moment, the specter of hunger was all too real.) It also reflected anxiety that the government could not cope. "Come what may," wrote John O'Donnell, political columnist of the *New York Daily News*, "this battle for the control of Congress will go down in our political history as the meat campaign."

From the outset, Truman suffered the inevitable comparison to FDR (Roosevelt with his vice president, 1944; the new president with Eleanor Roosevelt at FDR's funeral, April 1945). Truman seemed rudderless at first: biographer Alonzo Hamby wrote that, in 1946, "[his] performance was terrible."

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On October 14, scarcely more than three weeks before midterm elections, Truman bit the bullet. Even when his approval rating dropped to 32 percent, he had told reporters that controls were indispensable. On this night, however, speaking to the largest radio audience since the end of the war, Truman lashed out at "the few men in Congress who, in the service of selfish interests, have been determined for some time to wreck price controls no matter what the cost might be to our people." Then he stunned the nation by announcing that he was lifting controls on meat. With the lid off, prices skyrocketed. The *New York Daily News* headlined: PRICES SOAR, BUYERS SORE/STEERS JUMP OVER THE MOON. Brickbats flew at the president. "Brother," said Ohio's Clarence J. Brown,

chair of the Republican Congressional Committee, "the tide is sweepin' our way."

Republicans resolved to make the off-year election a referendum on the Democratic administration, with Truman the butt of gibes. "Why had the president been late to today's press conference?" the joke went. "He got up this morning a little stiff in the joints and had trouble putting his foot in his mouth." Republicans amused themselves with the one-liner, "To err is Truman." Truman had become such a millstone that his party's national chairman, with as much grace as he could muster, told the president of the United States to make himself scarce during the campaign. Truman complied.

The GOP made the president's clumsy handling of price controls the theme of its campaign. During the hamburger "famine," Republican Congressional candidates in sound trucks cruised streets where grocery lines stretched, booming the message, "Ladies, if you want meat, vote Republican." The president, they asserted, merited a new moniker, "Horsemeat Harry."

Democrats approached Election Day saturated in a gloom—and poll approval numbers—they had not seen since 1928, when they had been buried in the Hoover landslide. When Truman took office, the country, by nearly 2–1, said that Democrats were better at managing domestic problems; by the autumn of 1946, the advantage had gone to the Republicans.

On November 5, more than 35 million Americans went to the polls. In House races, Republicans exceeded their rosiest predictions, picking up 54 seats, their greatest midterm victory since 1894. The GOP wound up with a 59-member dominance over the Democrats. When the new Congress convened in January, Republicans would occupy 75 percent of the seats outside the South. The GOP increased its margin in Pennsylvania from 19 seats to 28, wiped out the Democratic delegation in Wisconsin, and swept Connecticut's 6 seats, 4 of which had been held by Democrats.

In California, Republicans had viewed as "hopeless" any attempt to unseat the highly respected Democratic congressman, Jerry Voorhis. But a young Navy veteran who had never run for public office figured he might tap into the acute resentment voters felt at the intrusion into local campaigns by the CIO's political action committee (PAC). The PAC was identified with the crippling strikes of the postwar era and accused by some of Communist infiltration—a charge that Nixon eagerly exploited. After passing out 25,000 plastic thimbles labeled "Elect Nixon and Needle the P.A.C.," the newcomer, Richard Milhous Nixon, pulled off a stunning upset.

A continent away, Massachusetts sent to Washington one of the few Democrats who would make his debut in the next Congress—but in a district so overwhelmingly one-party that the election had been decided not in November, but in the Democratic primary months earlier. To ensure that John Fitzgerald Kennedy got the coveted Democratic nomination, his father, Joe, bought off prospective rivals; sabotaged the candidacy of a popular city councilman by adding another individual with the same name, thereby confusing the electorate and splitting the vote; and saw to it that copies of a *Reader's Digest* article lauding his son's World War II PT-109 heroics were placed on every empty subway or bus seat in the district. In the course of making 450 speeches seeking the votes of 37 nationalities, JFK twirled spaghetti, downed Syrian coffee, sipped Chinese tea—and came out the victor.

AS LATE AS OCTOBER, analysts had been skeptical of Republicans' chances of winning the Senate, where only one-third of the seats were in play. But Republicans picked up 13 seats to take control of the chamber, 51 to 45, the greatest GOP gains since the popular election of senators had begun a generation before.

Why had Democrats fared so poorly? In Chicago, a 32-year-old housewife, asked to explain how she had won a newspaper contest with a nearly perfect score in picking winners in Illinois, replied, "Simple. . . . I just listened to what the ladies said while I was standing in the meat line." Anticipating the outcome, Truman had, on October 14, written an address he was sensible enough not to deliver: "You've deserted your president for a mess of pottage, a piece of beef, a side of bacon. You've gone over to the powers of selfishness and greed." The meat shortage, one commentator concluded, was bad for the Democrats. For as everybody knows, "a housewife who cannot get hamburger is more dangerous than Medea wronged."

There was one other worrisome development for Democrats. During the campaign, Republicans had reminded African-American voters that Democrats were the party not only of Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt but also of Southern racists. In Georgia's Taylor County, the only black man who had dared vote in the Democratic primary had been murdered the next day. In Mississippi, Klansman Theodore Bilbo, campaigning for a third term as a Democrat in the Senate, declared that a tiny group seeking to register African-Americans should be "atomically bombed and exterminated from the face of the earth." As the election approached, he said, "I call on every red-blooded white man to use *any means* to keep the niggers away from the polls." Though most African-Americans in the North held

"He got up this morning," the joke went, "a little stiff in the joints and had trouble putting his foot in his mouth."

fast to the party of FDR, considerable numbers in Harlem and other predominantly black neighborhoods gravitated toward the party of Abraham Lincoln.

On Wednesday, November 6, the day after the election, Truman's daughter, Margaret, wrote in a memoir: "My father awoke aboard his special train, en route to Washington, and discovered that he had a bad cold and a Republican Congress." Moreover, he had become a pariah. It was customary for large delegations to greet a president returning to the capital, but when the train pulled into Union Station, only Dean Acheson, an under secretary of state, showed up to welcome him. There followed some of the bleakest weeks of Truman's career. On New Year's Eve, he went for a cruise on the Potomac. When he got back to the White House, he wrote: "Never was so lonesome in my life."

The election results, political analysts agreed, meant that the sands were running out on Truman's days in the Oval Office. A *Fortune* survey found that only 8 percent of respondents thought a Democrat would win the next presidential election. "The President," pontificated the *United States News*, "is a one-termer." Not even Democrats held out much hope. As late as their 1948 national convention, delegates arrived with placards reading, "We're Just Mild About Harry."

Soon after the election, Democratic Senator J. William Fulbright of Arkansas urged Truman to resign from office, even going so far as to suggest that the president appoint a Republican, Arthur Vandenberg, as secretary of state. (Under the law of succession at that time, Vandenberg would be next in line to the White House, since there was no vice president.) A former Rhodes scholar at Oxford, Fulbright analogized Truman's situation to that of a British prime minister who had met defeat in a general election after losing a vote of confidence in Parliament. Similarly, Fulbright reasoned, since the 1946 election had been a referendum on Truman's leadership, he should turn the reins of power over to some prominent Republican, who could work with Congress and so avoid a divided government.

Both Marshall Field's *Chicago Sun*, one of the country's leading liberal papers, and the *Atlanta Constitution*, long the foremost Democratic newspaper in the South, counseled Truman to accept Fulbright's recommendation. The doughty president, calling Fulbright an "over-educated Oxford S.O.B.," dismissed the notion, remarking privately that "a little more United States land grant college education on the United States Constitution and what it meant would do Fulbright a lot of good." Ever after, Truman referred to the former president of the University of Arkansas as "Senator Halfbright."

The 1946 elections appeared to mark a turning point, the moment that the Republicans might supplant the Democrats as the country's majority party for the next generation. For the first time since 1930, the Republicans had won control of both houses of Congress. "What the American people are witnessing today," declared England's *New Statesman and Nation*, "is the Decline and Fall of the Roosevelt Empire." In New York, Thomas Dewey had been reelected governor by a whopping 680,000-vote margin, immediately becoming the heavy favorite to be not just the Republican presidential nominee in 1948 but the next president of the United States.

A series of strikes in 1946 (from left, steelworkers picket; passengers are stranded by a railway shutdown) undercut the president's inflation-control efforts. As a result, prices, especially for meat, surged (housewives protest, above right). Truman was blamed for the upheaval in the postwar economy.

Conservative Republicans viewed the midterm outcome as a massive national revulsion against liberalism. The *Chicago Tribune* said that the American people had "won the greatest victory for the Republic since Appomattox," and the Hearst chain's *New York Mirror* declared: "It is like coming out of darkness into sunlight. Like feeling clean again after a long time in the muck."

But this perception grossly misconstrued the national mood. A *Fortune* magazine survey found that voters who had switched from supporting Democrats in 1944 to Republicans in 1946 were actually more liberal than Democ-

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rats who had stayed with their party. Most rejection of Democratic candidates, *Fortune* theorized, represented only momentary exasperation with shortages and high prices: if the incoming Republican 80th Congress concluded that voters had given them a mandate to turn back the clock, they might well jeopardize their very promising prospects.

That is exactly what happened. Republicans of the 80th Congress could take pride in impressive achievements in foreign affairs, including enactment of the Marshall Plan. But on domestic policy, they veered so sharply to the right that they alienated one segment of the electorate after another. They antagonized farmers by slashing funds for crop storage; irritated Westerners by cutting appropriations for reclamation projects; and, by failing to adopt civil rights legislation, squandered an opportunity to make further inroads among African-American voters. By pushing the anti-union Taft-Hartley legislation, passed over Truman's veto, they drove labor back into the president's arms. "The luckiest thing that ever happened to me," Truman remarked years later, "was the Eightieth Congress."

Instead of being the harbinger of longtime Democratic decline, the 1946 midterm election had the unexpected consequence of breathing new life into the Democratic Party. In 1948, Truman campaigned like a fighting cock against the "do-nothing, good-for-nothing 80th Congress," while largely ignoring the Republican nominee, Governor Dewey. In November 1948, to the astonishment of almost everyone and to the consternation of Republicans, Truman won reelection and Democrats recaptured Congress. They picked up nine seats in the Senate and so many seats in the House that they not only recouped their 1946 losses, but also erased all gains made by the GOP in three previous elections. Of the 50 Republican newcomers in the House in 1946 who ran for reelection, 35 went down to defeat.

In retrospect, the 1946 election was a turning point that did not turn. To be sure, it was not without consequences. An obscure Wisconsinite elected to the U.S. Senate for the first time in 1946 would give his name to an entire political era: McCarthyism. And when the American people would go to the polls in 1960, they were given a choice between two members of the Class of '46: Jack Kennedy and Dick Nixon. For the GOP, though, its 1946 triumph proved to be evanescent. After a Democratic sweep in 1958, only one Republican elected to the Senate for the first time in 1946 remained, and of the 75 who arrived in the House in 1946, just 3.

The significance of the hamburger election and its aftermath lies in a lesson bequeathed to politicians that remains vibrant 60 years later: winning midterm contests is gratifying, but if you misunderstand why you did it, your victories will melt away like an early November snow.

By 1948, President Truman (on a cross-country whistle-stop tour that year) had rediscovered his fighting spirit. He campaigned against "do-nothing" Republican lawmakers. Of his stunning upset victory, he would later recall, "The luckiest thing that ever happened to me was the 80th Congress."

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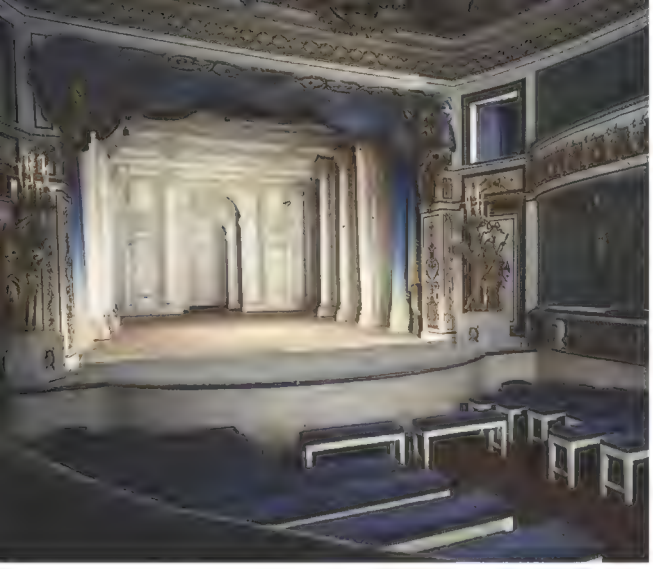
Marie A

The teenage queen, now the subject of a new movie, was embraced by France in 1770. Twenty-three years later, she lost her head to the guillotine. (But she never said, "Let them eat cake")

BY RICHARD COVINGTON

ntoinette

The frivolous 14-year-old Austrian princess who came to France to marry the future king, Louis XVI, developed strength and character over the years. "Tribulation first makes one realize what one is," she wrote after the royal family failed to escape detention—and their fate—in Paris.



LATE SEPTEMBER sunlight filters onto the blue velvet furnishings of the jewel-box theater built for Marie Antoinette at Versailles. The painted, original backdrop depicts a rustic farmhouse hearth, and I can just imagine the young queen reveling in her role as a shepherdess while her witty friends and dull husband, French king Louis XVI, applaud politely.

At the time I was there, the theater was closed to most visitors (it is now open to the public from April 1 through October 31), and I wanted to take full advantage of my access. "Go ahead. Have a good, long look," said Christian Baulez, Versailles' chief conservator.

On the way out, Baulez, who has worked at the former royal palace for four decades, locked the gate with a heavy iron key. "From time to time, you have to visit a spot like the theater when there's no one else around to give the place a chance to trigger an emotional reaction," he said. "You're thinking about other things, then all of a sudden, you're totally surprised. It's a state of grace, an aura you sense—even after 40 years here."

I did not commune with Marie Antoinette's ghost, as some claim to have done. But I had to admit that there is a poignancy about the playhouse and its fantasy world. Less than a decade after the theater's inauguration in 1780, the curtain would come crashing down on the French monarchy and its Austrian-born queen, who seemed to grow in moral stature as she approached the guillotine.

With the possible exception of the Corsican-born Napoleon, another outsider who overstayed his welcome, no one haunts French history like the Hapsburg princess. The frivolous, high-spirited tomboy who arrived at Versailles at age 14 was quickly embraced by her subjects. Yet by the time of her execution 23 years later, she was reviled.

Thrust into a social and political hurricane, Marie Antoinette, biographer Stefan Zweig wrote in the 1930s, was "perhaps the most signal example in history of the way in which destiny will at times pluck a mediocre human being from obscurity and, with commanding hand, force the man or woman in question to overstep the bounds of mediocrity." Ultimately, even Marie Antoinette herself grasped how suffering gave her fortitude. "Tribulation first makes one realize what one is," the queen wrote in August 1791, soon after the royal family's failed escape attempt from their detention in Paris.

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S fairy tale turned tragedy has spawned biographies, fictionalizations, operas, plays, ballets and memoirs. Even her hairdresser and her executioner published ghostwritten recollections. And, like the 300 gowns the queen ordered each year, the story is a perfect fit for Hollywood. The 1938 film *Marie Antoinette*, starring Norma Shearer and Robert Morley, is considered a classic of historical melodrama. Now, Sofia Coppola has directed a new interpretation, with Kirsten Dunst and Jason Schwartzman in the lead roles. Based largely on British biographer Antonia Fraser's 2001 biography, *Marie Antoinette: The Journey*, the new film, also called *Marie Antoinette*, was released in the United States last month. "I was struck by the fact that Louis and Marie were teenagers—he was 19 when he was crowned, she was 18—in charge of France at the most vulnerable time in its history," says Coppola. "I didn't set out on a campaign to correct the misperceptions about her; I just wanted to tell the story from her point of view."

Each year millions of visitors flock to Versailles and Fontainebleau, where the queen maintained a second palace, to admire her exuberant tastes in furniture and décor. But it is her furtive love life that arouses the deepest interest—and sympathy. Tarred by pamphleteers for sexual wantonness, she was actually rather prudish, at least according to her brother, Austrian emperor Joseph II. Despite a number of innocent flirtations, she deeply loved—probably with Louis' tacit approval, according to a confidante—only one man: Swedish military attaché Count Axel Fersen.

Although Marie Antoinette initially condescended to her husband, she eventually developed a genuine fondness for him. For his part, Louis was completely devoted to her and never took a mistress, exhibiting a restraint virtually unheard of in an 18th-century French king.

Whatever Marie Antoinette's faults—in addition to her renowned extravagance, she was unable to comprehend the French people's thirst for democracy—she did not respond to news that starving Parisians had no bread by saying: "Let them eat cake." According to Fraser, this monumental indifference was first ascribed, probably also apocryphally, to Maria Theresa, the Spanish princess who married Louis XIV more than a century before Marie Antoinette set foot in France. Still, for more than two centuries, historians have debated whether Marie Antoinette bore the blame for her fate or was a victim of circumstance. Although she remained a fervent supporter of absolute royal power and an

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DAGLI ORTI / ART ARCHIVE; P 56 ALI MEYER/CORBIS; P.57 ART ARCHIVE / CORBIS

unrepentant enemy of democratic ideals, her many acts of compassion included tending to a peasant gored by a stag and taking in a poor orphan boy and overseeing his education. "She was so happy at doing good and hated to miss any opportunity of doing so," wrote Madame Campan, the First Lady of the Bedchamber. The softhearted queen, it seems, hungered more for tenderness than power.

The opposite might be said of her mother, Austrian empress Maria Theresa, who regarded her eight daughters as pawns on the European chessboard, to be married off to seal alliances. She barely paused in her paperwork to give birth on November 2, 1755, to her 15th child, Maria Antonia Josepha Joanna, or Antoine (as Marie Antoinette was called in her homeland). In France, Louis Auguste, the 11-year-old grandson of French monarch Louis XV, became a prime matrimonial candidate when, in 1765, his father, Louis Ferdinand, died, making the grandson heir to the throne. Within months, 10-year-old Antoine was unofficially pledged to Louis to cement the union of the Hapsburgs and Bourbons—bitter rivals since the 16th century.

Dispatched to Vienna in 1768 by Louis XV to tutor his grandson's future wife, the Abbé de Vermond encountered an easily distracted 13-year-old who could barely read or write her native German, much less French. But "her character, her heart, are excellent," he reported. He found her "more intelligent than has been generally supposed," but since "she is rather lazy and extremely frivolous, she is hard to teach." Blessed with thick, ash-blond hair, large, grayish blue eyes and a radiant complexion, Marie Antoinette possessed a delicate beauty, marred only slightly by a pouty Hapsburg lower lip.

For her May 1770 wedding, she was escorted to France amid an entourage that included 57 carriages, 117 footmen and 376 horses. Arriving in the forest of the royal château of Compiègne, some 50 miles northeast of Paris, the 14-year-old Antoine, now called by the more formal Marie Antoinette, impulsively dashed up to Louis XV ("*Après moi, le déluge*"), waiting with his grandson outside their carriage, and curtsied, instantly winning over the king, who kissed her. Perhaps intimidated by her forwardness, the 15-year-old bridegroom gave her a perfunctory kiss, then hardly glanced at her as she chatted away with the king on the ride to the château. The awkward, myopic heir apparent suffered from feelings of unworthiness, despite a facility for languages and a passion for history, geography and science.

Louis Auguste de Bourbon and Marie Antoinette were married on May 16, 1770, in the royal chapel at the palace of Versailles. The next day, news that the union had not been consummated spread through the court. It was only the beginning; by all accounts, the marriage went unconsummated for seven years. By this time, Louis XV had died (of smallpox, in 1774) and his teenage grandson had acceded to the most powerful throne in Europe.

After encouraging her daughter to "lavish more caresses" on her husband, Maria Theresa dispatched her son, Joseph II, as she put it, to "stir up this indolent spouse." Whatever he said apparently did the trick; in any case, the couple wrote to thank him. Many historians conclude that Louis suffered from phimosis, a physiological handicap that makes sex painful, and that he eventually had surgery to correct the problem. Biographer Fraser, however, contends that the pair were simply, as Joseph reported to his brother Leopold, "two complete blunderers."

Added to any sexual frustration Marie Antoinette may have felt was her homesickness ("Madame, My very dear mother," she wrote, "I have not received one of your dear letters without having the tears come to my eyes.") and her rebellion against court etiquette ("I put on my rouge and wash my hands in front of the whole world," she complained in 1770 of a daily ritual at which dozens of courtiers hovered). She sought escape in masked balls, opera, theater and gambling. "I am terrified of being bored," the 21-year-old queen confessed in October 1777 to her trusted adviser, Austrian ambassador Comte Florimond Mercy d'Argenteau.

Where Louis was indecisive, thrifty and over-serious, Marie Antoinette was quick to make up her mind, extravagant and lighthearted. He loved being alone, tinkering with locks; she craved the social whirl. When Louis went to bed, around 11 p.m., Marie Antoinette was just revving up for a night of festivities. By the time she awoke, around 11 a.m., Louis had been up for hours. "My tastes are not the same as the King's, who is only inter-

Norma Shearer (below) played the title role in the 1938 movie *Marie Antoinette*. Kirsten Dunst (below, right, with Jason Schwartzman as Louis XVI) stars in Sofia Coppola's new film.

BETTMANN / CORBIS ; SONY PICTURES ENTERTAINMENT / PHOTOFEST

ested in hunting and his metal-working," the queen wrote to a friend in April 1775. And what exorbitant tastes she had! She bought a pair of diamond bracelets that cost as much as a Paris mansion. She sported towering bouffant hairdos, including the "inoculation pouf," a forbidding confection that featured a club striking a snake in an olive tree (representing the triumph of science over evil) to celebrate her success in persuading the king to be vaccinated against smallpox.

Informed of her daughter's behavior by Mercy, Maria Theresa fired off letter after letter warning Marie Antoinette to mend her ways. "You lead a dissipated life," the mother railed in 1775. "I hope I shall not live to see the disaster that is likely to ensue."

Cloistered in the luxury of Versailles, the royal couple was oblivious to their subjects' plight. A failed harvest had made the price of grain skyrocket, and mobs were rioting in the streets of Paris, demanding cheap bread. Crushing taxes were also taking their toll on the populace. Meanwhile, the queen gambled recklessly, ordered expensive jewelry and clothes and spent a fortune on creating her own private domain at Versailles—the Petit Trianon. The three-story neo-Classical château was originally built on the grounds of Versailles in 1762-68 by Louis XV for his mistress Madame de Pompadour. Louis XVI had given it to Marie Antoinette in June 1774, a few days after he became king, when she asked for a hideaway. ("This pleasure house is yours," he told her.) "She wanted a domain reserved for her intimate circle of friends," says Baulez, as we tour the Trianon. "But unfortunately, this exclusion made everyone else at court jealous." Palace gossip spun outrageous tales about "scandalous" and "perverse" goings-on at the Trianon, giving anti-monarchist pamphleteers material for salacious underground cartoons. How could the queen spend the nation's money, at a time of financial crisis, on her private hideaway, critics asked.

But Marie Antoinette seemed blind to the criticism. She directed architect Richard Mique and artist Hubert Robert to conjure up a sylvan fantasy of artificial streams, grottoes and winding paths. (During nighttime galas, a Temple of Love rotunda and a glass music salon were illuminated by wood fires hidden in trenches in the ground.) In 1784, the two designers created what, from the outside, appeared to be a hamlet (the Hameau) of cracked and tumbledown cottages, which, in fact, were appointed with comfortable couches, stoves and billiard tables. A working farm completed what Zweig satirized as "this expensive pastoral comedy," though tales of the queen herself herding sheep are false, Baulez insists. The overall effect of the Petit Trianon was—and remains—quaintly charming, but the total bill, including the Hameau, came to more than two million francs (the equivalent of more than $6 million today). To this day, the Petit Trianon—silk hangings, wall coverings, porcelain dinner services, furniture—bears Marie Antoinette's stamp, with flower-mad motifs in cornflower blue, lilac and green. "She

Finally realizing the damage that vicious gossip and salacious cartoons had done to herself and the king (left at age 23 in a 1777 portrait), Marie Antoinette commissioned a subdued portrait of herself with her children (above). The empty cradle represents her youngest child, Sophie, who died as an infant; her older son, Louis Joseph, is at right; Louis Charles is on her lap; Marie Thérèse is at left.

CHATEAU DE VERSAILLES, FRANCE/ LAUROS / GIRAUDON/ THE BRIDGEMAN ART LIBRARY; RÉUNION DES MUSÉES NATIONAUX / ART RESOURCE, NY

loved ornamentation," says Baulez. "She wasn't interested in dignity, but the picturesque. She had the tastes of an actress, not an austerely regal queen."

In one salon is the exquisite harp Marie Antoinette played well enough to accompany Antonio Salieri, the Hapsburg court composer and Mozart rival she invited to visit. In an adjoining room, Baulez shows me the infamous pale blue boudoir with mirrored interior shutters that the queen could raise and lower at will. "People imagined mirrors surrounding a bed for secret trysts," he says, "but she was just trying to keep curious passersby from peering inside." Whatever trysts there were did not include Louis, who spent not a single night at the Petit Trianon, although he did occasionally pop by to read to himself in a little rowboat.

Fersen was the more frequent guest. The queen went so far as to furnish an apartment above hers for him. By October 1787, they were exchanging clandestine letters about such prosaic domestic details as where to put a stove. Unraveling the details of their relationship has kept biographers guessing for more than 200 years, largely because Fersen destroyed substantial portions of his journal and a great-nephew to whom his letters were entrusted censored some and suppressed others. "I can tell you that I love you," Marie Antoinette declared in one letter back to him.

They had met at a Paris opera ball in January 1774, when Fersen, the 18-year-old son of a wealthy Swedish nobleman, was making the grand tour. The young queen invited him to several balls at Versailles, but not long after, he left for England. Four years later he returned to the French court as a young military officer and, according to Comte Francois Emmanuel de Saint-Priest—Louis' future minister of the interior—"captured the queen's heart." In early 1779, Fersen signed on to fight on behalf of France in the American Revolution, in part perhaps to escape the queen's growing infatuation. When he returned to Versailles four years later, in June 1783, he wrote to his sister, swearing off marriage because: "I cannot belong to the only person to whom I want to belong, the one who really loves me, and so I do not want to belong to anyone." That summer, he visited Marie Antoinette nearly every day.

By now the 27-year-old queen—mother of a 4 1/2-year-old daughter, Marie Thérèse Charlotte,and a son, the Dauphin Louis Joseph Xavier, nearly 2—had blossomed into a full-figured beauty, with luminous eyes and a demeanor some saw as dignified, others as haughty. As a young princess, she had burst into tears when Mercy had pressured her to get involved in politics; now she scolded the French foreign minister for excluding Joseph II from the peace process with England, though to little effect.

Some two years later, around the time her second son, Louis Charles, was born, Marie Antoinette became the victim of one of the most byzantine swindles in history. A fortune hunter named Jeanne de Lamotte Valois persuaded the gullible Cardinal de Rohan that she was a close friend of the queen's—though Marie Antoinette had never heard of her. Lamotte's lover, Rétaux de Vil-

"I can tell you that I love you," Marie declared in a letter to Count Axel Fersen (left), a frequent visitor to her retreat at Versailles, the Petit Trianon (below, the music room).

WIKIPEDIA.ORG; ADAM WOOLFITT / CORBIS

lette, forged letters purportedly from the queen imploring the cardinal to buy a necklace of 647 diamonds costing 1.5 million francs ($4.7 million today). Writing as the queen, de Villette said "she" was too embarrassed to ask Louis for so expensive a present and was relying on the gallant cardinal to obtain it for her. The queen would, of course, repay him.

After a clandestine meeting in the palace gardens with a woman hired by Lamotte to impersonate the queen, Rohan was hooked. When jewelers delivered the necklace to the cardinal, he gave it to Rétaux, disguised as the queen's footman. Lamotte's husband then smuggled it to London to be sold off in pieces. When the jewelers demanded payment in August 1785, Marie Antoinette was livid with rage and Louis ordered Rohan arrested.

The subsequent trial caused a sensation. The Paris Parliament defied the king's command to convict the duped cardinal and acquitted him. Lamotte was flogged, branded on her breast with a V for *voleuse* (thief) and tossed into prison. And though Marie Antoinette was not on trial, she might as well have been. "The queen was innocent," Napoleon observed years later, "and, to make sure that her innocence should be publicly recognized, she chose the Parliament of Paris for her judge. The upshot was that she was universally regarded as guilty."

The affair of the necklace provided further fodder for scandal-mongering pamphleteers and journalists already intent on portraying the queen as greedy and corrupt. From then on, she could do no right. Her embarrassment made Louis more vulnerable than ever. Beset by severe food shortages, weighed down by taxes, resentful of royal absolutism and inspired by the egalitarian example of an independent United States, French citizens were growing increasingly vocal in their demands for self-government. In May 1789, to avert the nation's impending bankruptcy (a series of wars, years of corruption and Louis' support of the American Revolution as a means of weakening England had depleted the French treasury), the king convened the Estates-General, an assembly of representatives of the clergy, nobility and commoners that had not met since 1614. As Marie Antoinette's carriage wound from the palace through the streets of Versailles to welcome the gathering, crowds along the way stood in sullen silence. In a

Some 900 Parisians, resentful of royal absolutism, stormed the Bastille (left) on July 14, 1789. The queen, caricatured (at right) as the power behind the throne, urged the king to act, but he refused. In early October, an angry mob marched on Versailles. "They are going to force us to go to Paris, the King and me, preceded by the heads of our bodyguards on pikes," prophesied the queen (below, in an 1872 painting of the royal family under siege at Versailles).

CHATEAU DE VERSAILLES, FRANCE, GIRAUDON / THE BRIDGEMAN ART LIBRARY INTERNATIONAL; BASS MUSEUM OF ART / CORBIS

sermon at the town's Church of Saint Louis, the Bishop of Nancy railed against the queen's profligate spending. (Dubbed Madame Deficit, the queen was increasingly blamed for the country's desperate financial situation, although she had in fact already cut back on personal expenses.) At the time of the Bishop's sermon, however, the 33-year-old mother was consumed with anxiety over her older son, the gravely ill Dauphin. Within a month, the 7-year-old prince would be dead of tuberculosis of the spine.

Historians trace the French Revolution to that summer of 1789. On July 14, some 900 Parisian workers, shopkeepers and peasants—fearing that the king, who at the queen's urging had moved a large number of troops to Versailles and Paris, would dissolve the representative National Assembly—stormed the Bastille prison to seize arms and ammunition. Marie Antoinette tried to convince her husband to put down the insurrection, but not wanting to provoke an all-out conflict, he refused, effectively ceding Paris to the revolutionaries. Comte Honoré de Mirabeau, leader of the increasingly anti-monarchist National Assembly, observed that the queen had become

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"the only man at court." In the weeks that followed, the Assembly did away with age-old privileges for the aristocracy and clergy, declared a free press, got rid of serfdom and proclaimed the Rights of Man.

A little before noon on October 5, a mob of several thousand market women, armed with pikes and sickles, set out from Paris' Hôtel de Ville (City Hall) on a 12-mile trek to Versailles to protest a lack of jobs and the high cost of bread. By evening, thousands more, some carrying guns, had joined them in front of the palace. After dithering over what to do, Louis finally decided to seek refuge in the distant Rambouillet château. But when his coachmen rolled out the royal carriages, the crowd cut the horses' harnesses, stranding him and his family.

Around five o'clock on the morning of the sixth, rebels surged toward the queen's bedroom, killing two guards. A terrified Marie Antoinette leapt out of bed and raced to the king's apartments. Louis, meanwhile, had dashed to her bedroom to rescue her, but finding her gone, doubled back with their son to join her and their daughter in the dining hall of his quarters. By this time, the Marquis de Lafayette, commander of the National Guard, had arrived with Guard troops and temporarily restored order.

But the throng, swollen to some 10,000 people, began clamoring to take Louis to Paris. When someone cried out for the queen to show herself on the balcony, she stepped forward, curtsying with such aplomb that the mob grew silent, then burst into cries of "Long live the queen!" But Marie Antoinette sensed that the reprieve would be short-lived. Retreating inside, she broke down. "They are going to force us to go to Paris, the King and me, preceded by the heads of our bodyguards on pikes," she said. Her words proved prophetic. Within hours, the triumphant procession—indeed with the guards' heads on pikes—was escorting the captive royal family to the old Tuileries palace in the capital.

Although the king and queen were not locked in, and in theory could have left the palace had they chosen to do so, they withdrew into self-imposed seclusion. The king seemed unable to act. "Taking the place of her husband (whom everyone thrust contemptuously aside as an incurable weakling)," writes Zweig, Marie Antoinette "held council with the ministers and ambassadors, watching over their undertakings and revising their dispatches."

"She was decisive where he was indecisive," biographer Antonia Fraser says in a new PBS documentary *Marie Antoinette*. "She was courageous when he was vacillating." She dashed off letters in cipher and invisible ink to other European sovereigns, pleading with them to invade France and shore up the king's crumbling authority, but to no avail. Meeting secretly with Mirabeau in July 1790, she won the influential legislator over to the cause of preserving the monarchy. By December, however, she was devising a contingency plan to flee Paris for Montmédy, near the Austrian-controlled Netherlands. There the royal couple planned to mount a counterrevolution with troops under the command of Royalist general Francois-Claude Bouillé. When Mirabeau died in April 1791 without securing the Assembly's promise to retain Louis as king in a constitutional monarchy, Louis and Marie Antoinette put their plan into action. But instead of following Bouillé's advice to make the trip in two light carriages, the queen insisted on keeping the family together in a lumbering coach called a berlin, encumbered with a silver dinner service, a clothes-press, and a small wine chest. (Fersen had made the arrangements, even mortgaging his estate to pay for the carriage.) Late in the evening of June 20, 1791, the royal family, disguised as servants, slipped out of the capital. Fersen accompanied them as far as Bondy, 16 miles east of the Tuileries. While the horses were being changed, he pleaded with Louis to let him continue with the family rather than reuniting at Montmédy two days later as planned. Louis refused, per-

haps, suggests biographer Evelyne Lever, because he thought it humiliating to be under the protection of his wife's lover. Also, Fraser says in the PBS film, Louis didn't want people to think a foreigner had helped them get away.

In Varennes, 130 miles east of Paris, a band of armed villagers accosted the king, who had been recognized inside the conspicuous berlin, and forced the royal entourage into a municipal official's house. When a small contingent of Royalist troops arrived to free them, Louis vacillated, then, fearing a confrontation with the steadily growing mob brandishing arms outside the house, declined the troops' help, choosing instead to wait for Bouillé. Had Fersen, a trained officer, been allowed to stay with the group, he might well have taken more decisive action and helped lead the family to safety. Instead, emissaries dispatched by the Assembly arrived with orders to return the family to Paris. Crowds of angry Parisians lined the streets as the king and queen were taken back to the Tuileries palace, where they were held captive by National Guardsmen. Louis was caricatured as a castrated pig, while the queen was portrayed as a wanton traitor.

"I commend my children to my wife," the king (above, portrayed by Jason Schwartzman, with Kirsten Dunst, in director Sofia Coppola's *Marie Antoinette*) wrote in his will. "I beg her to forgive me all the evil she is suffering for my sake and the grief I may have caused her during the course of our marriage."

The Assembly allowed Louis to remain as a figurehead on the throne to legitimize a proposed new constitution, but he had little actual political power. Meanwhile, at the same time Marie Antoinette was secretly lobbying moderate republicans in the Assembly for a constitutional monarchy, she was also writing to European rulers that the "*monstreuse*" constitution was "a tissue of unworkable absurdities" and the Assembly "a heap of blackguards, madmen and beasts." Although Louis privately detested the constitution, on September 14, 1791, he took an oath to uphold it, agreeing to share power with the elected Legislative Assembly.

In Stockholm, Fersen had persuaded the Swedish king to back a new escape attempt. In February 1792, the daring count—by now branded an outlaw for his role in the flight to Varennes—snuck into the heavily guarded palace and spent some 30 hours with the queen. Toward the end of his visit, Louis showed up and rejected Fersen's scheme for escape through Normandy. Around midnight of Fersen's second day, Marie Antoinette bade him farewell—for the last time.

In April, under pressure from the Assembly, Louis declared war on Austria, which was preparing to invade France to restore Alsace (occupied by the French) and obtain full liberty for the royal family. Rightly suspecting that the king and queen were plotting with the enemy, an armed mob stormed the Tuileries on August 10, killing more than a thousand guards and noblemen. Louis and his family fled on foot through a courtyard to the nearby Assembly building, where they begged the representatives for protection.

The Assembly, however, voted to have the king, queen, their son and daughter, and the king's sister Elisabeth locked up in the Temple tower, a forbidding medieval fortress in the center of Paris. On September 20, the new revolutionary National Convention, the successor to the Assembly, met for the first time. The following day they abolished the 1,000-year-old monarchy and established the Republic.

For the former royal family, now prisoners in the Temple tower, the next two months passed improbably in something like domestic tranquility. While the king schooled his 7-year-old son, Louis Charles, in the dramas of Corneille and Racine, the queen gave Marie Thérèse, 13, history lessons, played chess with her husband, did needlework and even sang at the harpsichord. Then, on November 20, Louis' letters to foreign powers plotting counterrevolution were discovered in a strongbox hidden in the Tuileries. Louis was taken from his family, locked up on the floor below them and, on December 26, put on trial. Maximilien Robespierre, a chief architect of the Revolution, and the fiery journalist Jean-Paul Marat were among the many radical leaders who testified against him during a three-week trial. "It is with regret that I pronounce the fatal truth," proclaimed Robespierre, "Louis must die, so that the country may live." After a unanimous vote by members of the Convention (with a few abstentions) that Louis had conspired against the state, members of the more moderate revolutionary faction argued that the former king should be confined until the end of the war with Austria, then sent into exile. Even English philosopher Thomas Paine, elected to the Convention as a hero of the American Revolution, pleaded for the royal family to be banished to America. But it was not to be. Louis, 38, was condemned to death on January 16, 1793. He was allowed to spend a few hours with his wife, son, daughter and sister before being led to the guillotine on January 21 and executed before a crowd estimated at 20,000.

Six months later, on August 2, the Widow Capet, as Marie Antoinette was now known, was transferred to the Conciergerie, a dank prison dubbed "death's antechamber."

SONY PICTURES ENTERTAINMENT / PHOTOFEST

Louis' sister, Elisabeth, Marie Thérèse and Louis Charles remained in the Temple tower. Later that month, the queen recognized among her visitors a former officer, the Chevalier Alexandre de Rougeville, who dropped at her feet one or two carnations (accounts differ) containing a note that said he would try to rescue her. A guard spotted the note, and when public prosecutor Antoine Fouquier-Tinville learned that Royalists were scheming to free the former queen (the plan became known as the Carnation Plot), he moved to put her immediately on trial.

Emaciated and pale, Marie Antoinette maintained her composure at the trial, a grueling 32-hour ordeal carried out over two days. She responded with eloquence to the prosecutor's litany of accusations—she was guilty, he said, of making secret agreements with Austria and Prussia (which had joined with Austria in the war against France), of shipping money abroad to Louis' two younger brothers in exile and of conspiring with these enemies against France. Accused of manipulating the king's foreign policy, she coolly replied: "To advise a course of action and to have it carried out are very different things."

On the first day of the trial, the prosecution delivered a bombshell, presenting testimony by young Louis that he had sex with his mother and his aunt. (Caught masturbating by his jailer, the boy had invented the story to shift blame onto the two women.) The former queen summoned up a stirring denunciation. "Nature refuses to answer such a charge brought against a mother," she replied. "I appeal in this matter to all the mothers present in court." The prosecutor's ploy backfired as the audience reacted with abashed silence. But the trial's conclusion was foregone. With civil war threatening to destroy the new Republic, "Marie Antoinette was deliberately targeted," says Fraser in the PBS production, "in order to bind the French together in a kind of blood bond." Found guilty of treason, the former queen was sentenced to die.

"The moment when my ills are going to end is not the moment when courage is going to fail me," the former queen (sketched en route to the guillotine) said shortly before her execution.

On the eve of her execution, Marie Antoinette wrote a last letter, to her sister-in-law, entreating Elisabeth to forgive young Louis for his accusations and to persuade him not to try to avenge his parents' deaths. "I am calm," she reflected, "as people are whose conscience is clear." Before the former queen left prison the next morning, October 16, 1793, the executioner cut off her hair and bound her hands behind her. A priest counseled courage. "Courage?" Marie Antoinette shot back. "The moment when my ills are going to end is not the moment when courage is going to fail me."

As an open tumbrel cart carrying the condemned woman rolled through the streets to what is now the Place de la Concorde, Marie Antoinette, two weeks shy of her 38th birthday, but appearing far older, maintained a stoic pose, captured in Jacques-Louis David's harsh sketch (below) from the rue Sainte-Honoré. When the guillotine sliced off her head at 12:15 p.m., thousands of spectators erupted in cheers. Her body was placed in a coffin and tossed into a common grave in a cemetery behind the Church of the Madeleine.

Still imprisoned in the Temple tower, Louis Charles remained isolated from his sister and his aunt, who was also executed, in May 1794, as an enemy of the people. In June 1795, the 10-year-old boy, a king—Louis XVII to Royalists—without a country, died in the Temple tower, most likely of the same tuberculosis that had felled his elder brother. Six months later, his 17-year-old sister was returned to Austria in a prisoner exchange. She ultimately married her first cousin, the Duke d'Angoulême, and died childless at age 72 in 1851 outside Vienna.

Fersen became a trusted adviser to the Swedish king. But he never forgave himself for not saving the woman he loved on the flight to Varennes. "Why, ah why did I not die for her on the 20th of June?" he wrote in his journal. Nineteen years later, on June 20, 1810, a Stockholm mob, wrongly believing that he had poisoned the heir to the Swedish throne, beat him to death with sticks and stones. He was 54.

In April 1814, following Napoleon's exile to Elba, Louis' brother the Comte de Provence, then 58, returned from his own exile in England to assume the French throne as Louis XVIII. The following January, he had the bodies of his older brother and the queen disinterred and reburied in the Saint-Denis Cathedral near Paris, where idealized stone statues of the royal couple now kneel in prayer above the underground vault.

Marie Antoinette would likely have been perfectly happy to have played only a ceremonial part as queen. But Louis' weakness forced her to take a more dominant role—for which the French people could not forgive her. Cartoons depicted her as a harpy trampling the constitution. She was blamed for bankrupting the country, when others in the high-spending, lavish court bore equal responsibility. Ultimately, she was condemned simply for being Louis' wife and a symbol of tyranny. Thomas Jefferson, minister to France under Louis XVI, famously asserted that if Marie Antoinette had been cloistered in a convent, the French Revolution would never have taken place. Perhaps Jefferson goes too far. Certainly she became a scapegoat for nearly everything that was wrong with France's absolutist, dynastic system. But it's also clear that in their refusal to compromise, Louis and Marie Antoinette lost everything.

CORBIS

The Smart and

Civil war in the Democratic Republic of the Congo has threatened the existence of wild bonobos, while new research on the hypersexual primates challenges their peace-loving reputation

BY PAUL RAFFAELE

Swinging BONO

Led by five trackers from the Mongandu tribe, I tread through a remote rain forest in the Democratic Republic of the Congo, on the trail of the bonobo, one of the world's most astonishing creatures. Along with the chimpanzee, it's our closest relative, with whom we share almost 99 percent of our genes. The last of the great apes to be discovered, it could be the first to become extinct in the wild: in the past few decades, bonobo habitat has been overrun by soldiers, and the apes have been slaughtered for food. Most estimates put the number of bonobos left in the wild at less than 20,000.

As the narrow trail plunges into a gloomy, rain-soaked tunnel through tall trees, Leonard, the head tracker, picks up a fallen leaf and brings it to his nose. "Bonobo urine," he murmurs. High above I see a large, dark, hairy creature propped between the trunk and bough of a sturdy hardwood. "The alpha male," Leonard whispers. "He's sleeping. Keep quiet, because it means there are bonobos all around us."

We creep toward the tree and sit beneath it. I try to ignore the fiery bites of ants crawling over my arms and legs as we wait for the bonobos to awaken. They are known to be gregarious, exceptionally intelligent primates, and the only apes whose society is said to be matriarchal . . . and orgiastic: they have sexual interactions several times a day and with a variety of partners. While chimpanzees and gorillas often settle disputes by fierce, sometimes deadly fighting, bonobos commonly make peace by engaging in feverish orgies in which males have intercourse with females and other males, and females with other females. No other great apes—a group that includes eastern gorillas, western gorillas, Bornean orangutans, Sumatran orangutans, chimps and, according to modern taxonomists, human beings—indulge themselves with such abandon.

But when these bonobos awaken, their signature behavior is nowhere in evidence. Instead, dung splatters the forest floor, flung at us by the alpha male. "He's angry we're here," Leonard says softly. The male screams a warning to the other bonobos, and they respond with shrill cries. Through binoculars, I see many dark eyes peering down at me. A youngster shakes his fist at us. Moments later, the bonobos are gone, swinging and leaping from branch to branch, led across the rain forest canopy by the big male.

Because so much of what's known about these animals has been based on observing them in captivity or in other unnatural settings, even my first encounter with them in the wild was revelatory. The alpha male's bellicose display was just the first of several signs I would see over the next ten days that not all is peace and love in Bonoboland. Maybe it shouldn't be surprising, but this close relative of ours turns out to be far more complicated than people realized.

In the past two years, **PAUL RAFFAELE** *has reported for the magazine from Uganda, the Central African Republic, Zimbabwe, Cameroon, Niger, Australia, Vanuatu and New Guinea.*

MAP: MIKE REAGAN; PP. 66, 67 CYRIL RUSSO / JH EDITORIAL / MINDEN PICTURES

Our primate cousin, the bonobo (opening spread, in the Lola Ya Bonobo sanctuary near Kinshasa) is endangered. With an uneasy peace in bonobo territory (map), conservationists and our writer ventured up the Congo River and its tributaries (above) in search of bonobos that have survived the conflict.

IT WAS AT GERMANY'S FRANKFURT ZOO some years ago that I first got hooked on bonobos. One of their nicknames is pygmy chimp, and I had expected to see a smaller version of the chimpanzee, with the same swagger and strut in the males and timorous fealty in the females. Bonobos are smaller than chimps, all right—a male weighs about 85 to 95 pounds and a female, 65 to 85 pounds; a male chimpanzee can weigh as much as 135 pounds. But the male bonobos I saw in the zoo, unlike the chimps, did not try to dominate the females. Both males and females strode about the enclosure picking up fruit and mingling with their friends. They looked strangely human with their upright, bipedal gait; long, slim arms and legs; slender neck; and a body whose proportions resemble ours more than they do a chimp's. More than anything, they reminded me of models I'd seen of *Australopithecus afarensis*, the "ape man" who walked the African savanna three million years ago.

In 1920, pioneer primatologist Robert Yerkes of Yale University named a bright young primate captured in the wild "Prince Chim." Comparing him with other chimpanzees he was studying, Yerkes said Prince Chim was an "intellectual genius." Only in 1929 did scientists realize that bonobos are a distinct species (*Pan paniscus*) and not just undersized chimps (*Pan troglodytes*), and we now know from photographs that Prince Chim was actually a bonobo.

The bonobo's life history is typical for a great ape. A bonobo weighs about three pounds at birth and is carried around by its mother for the first few years. She protects the youngster and shares her nest with it for the first five or six years. Females give birth for the first time at age 13 to 15; males and females reach full size at about age 16. They can live up to about 60 years.

Yerkes' observation of superior intelligence has held up over the years, at least in captive animals. Some primatologists are convinced that bonobos can learn to communicate with us on our own terms (see sidebar, p. 74).

As I stood near the bonobo enclosure, an adolescent female named Ulindi reached through the bars and began to groom me, her long fingers tenderly searching through my hair for bugs. Satisfied I was clean, she offered her back for me to groom. After I did so (she, too, was bug-free), I left to

PAUL RAFFAELE

pay my respects to the group's matriarch. Ulindi's eyes burned with indignation, but minutes later she drew me back with a sweet gaze. She looked at me with what seemed affection—and suddenly tossed into my face a pile of wood shavings she'd been hiding behind her back. She then flounced away.

IN 1973, a 35-year-old Japanese researcher named Takayoshi Kano, the first scientist to study bonobos extensively in the wild, spent months trudging through the dank forests of what was then Zaire (formerly the Belgian Congo, now the Democratic Republic of the Congo) before he finally encountered a foraging party of ten adults. To lure them out of the trees, Kano planted a field of sugar cane deep in their habitat. Months later, he spied a bonobo group, 40 strong, feasting on the cane. "Seeing them so close, they seemed more than animals, more a reflection of ourselves, as if they were fairies of the forest," Kano told me when I visited him in 1999 at Kyoto University's Primate Research Center.

Kano expected bonobo groups to be dominated by aggressive males. Instead, females sat in the middle of the sugar cane field. They groomed each other, snacked, chatted in squeaks and grunts, and invited favored males to sit with them. On the rare occasion that an angry male charged a group of females, Kano told me, they either ignored him or chased him into the jungle. Kano's observations shocked primatologists. "Among chimpanzees, every female of whatever rank is subordinate to every male of whatever rank," says Richard Wrangham, a Harvard University primatologist.

Over time, Kano came to recognize 150 different individuals, and he noticed a close attachment between certain females and males. Kano finally concluded he was watching mothers with their sons. "I saw mothers and sons stay together and realized that mothers were the core of bonobo society, holding the group together," he said.

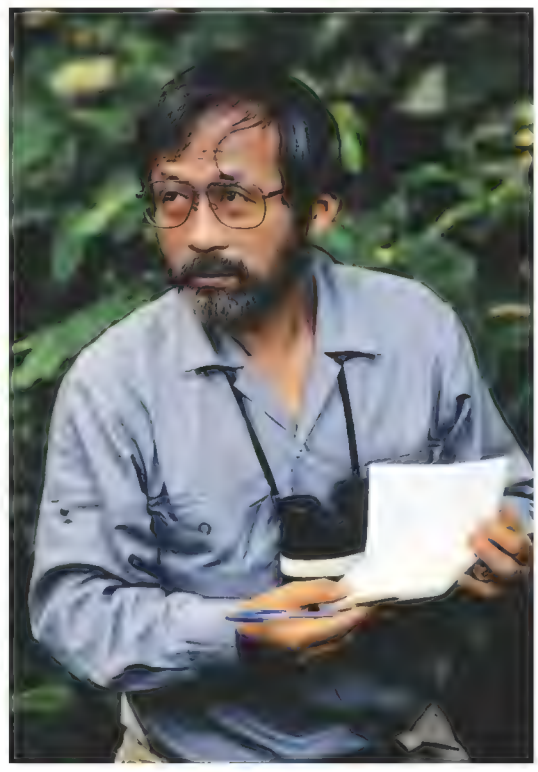
One of the reasons to study primates is to better understand our own evolutionary history. Bonobos and chimps are our closest living links to the six million-year-old ancestor from which both they and we descended. As primatologist Frans de Waal points out, Kano's work "was a major revelation, because it proved the chimpanzee model was not the only one to point to our origins, that another primate akin to us had developed a social structure mirroring our own." When Kano's findings were publicized, in the 1970s, the animals' friendly family relations, peaceable males, powerful females, high I.Q.s and energetic sex lives made the idea of sharing an evolutionary lineage with bonobos appealing.

Wild bonobos live within several hundred thousand acres of dense swampy equatorial forest bounded by the Congo and Kasai rivers in the Democratic Republic of the Congo (DRC). Only 23 percent of their historic range remains undisturbed by logging, mining or war. From 1996 to 2003, the country suffered back-to-back civil wars, and foreign researchers and conservationists stayed out of bonobo territory, which saw some of the fiercest fighting. The New York-based International Rescue Committee estimates that

Biologist Takayoshi Kano lured bonobos out of the treetops to the forest floor with sugar cane (below, c. 1991) and documented such key bonobo behaviors as frequent sex, pacifism and long relationships between mothers and sons. The findings were a "revelation," one primatologist recalls.

the strife constituted the world's deadliest conflict since World War II, with five other African nations and numerous Congolese political factions fighting for territory and control of the DRC's immense natural resources—copper, uranium, petroleum, diamonds, gold and coltan, an ore used in electronics. Some four million people have been killed. The conflict officially ended in April 2003, with the ratification of a peace treaty between the DRC's young president, Joseph Kabila, who seized power after his father, Laurent, was assassinated in 2001, and several rebel groups. An uneasy truce has held since then, which has been tested during the run-up to a presidential election scheduled for October 29.

TO OBSERVE BONOBOS in the wild, I fly to Mbandaka, capital of the DRC's Equateur Province, a destitute-looking city of more than 100,000 people by the Congo River. Civil war has left the city without water or electricity; mass graves of civilians executed by soldiers have been found on the city's outskirts. I embark with three foreign and seven Congolese conservation workers on a trip upriver by motorized pirogues, canoes hacked from tree trunks. We start on the Congo River, one of the world's longest at 2,900 miles from source to sea. Researchers say this geographic barrier, up to ten miles wide, has kept chimpanzees in jungles on the Congo River's north side and bonobos on the south, which allowed them to evolve into separate species.



Kano (in 1991, in Wamba, DRC) pioneered bonobo research in the wild. But some experts caution that animals drawn into the open by treats such as sugar cane might not act naturally.

As darkness drops a velvet curtain along the great waterway, we enter the Maringa tributary, which cuts deep into the heart of the Congo Basin. Twisting and turning like a giant snake, the Congo River is guarded on both banks by what Joseph Conrad, writing about it in *Heart of Darkness*, called a "great wall of vegetation, an exuberant and entangled mass of trunks, branches, leaves, boughs, festoons motionless in the moonlight." By day fish-eagles, herons, kingfishers and hornbills perch by the fast-flowing muddy water; local people pole canoes from their straw huts to market. At night the riverbanks echo with the urgent thump of unseen drums and raucous singing.

On our second morning, we pull in at Basankusu, a riverside town with a military base, where I show my permit to travel farther up the river. This area was a center of opposition to President Kabila, and government functionaries treat strangers with suspicion. Fierce battles between Kabila's forces and those of Jean-Pierre Bemba, who controlled the north, were waged here, and sunken barges still lie rusting in the shallows. According to the relief agency Doctors Without Borders, 10 percent of Basankusu's population perished over a 12-month period beginning in 2000. There is a brooding menace here, and I sense that a wrong word or movement could spark an explosion of violence. As our pirogue prepares to leave, a hundred soldiers led by shamans clad in leafy headdresses and skirts charge toward the river chanting war cries. "It's their morning exercise," a local man assures me.

All along the river I see grim evidence of the fighting. Much of the DRC's prewar export income came from rubber, timber and coffee plantations along the Maringa, but the riverside buildings are now deserted and crumbling, mangled by artillery fire and pockmarked by bullets. "The military looted everything along the river, even light sockets, and it'll take a long time to return to normal," says Michael Hurley, the leader of this expedition and executive director of Bonobo Conservation Initiative (BCI), a Washington, D.C.-based nonprofit organization.

By the fifth day, the river has narrowed to 20 yards, and the riverside villages have all but disappeared. Trees tower over us, and we slow to dog-paddle speed. At night a ghostly mist settles on the river. We tie the pirogues to reeds and camp on the boats, then leave at dawn just as the mist is rising.

On day six, 660 miles from Mbandaka, the riverbank throngs with villagers who have come to carry our supplies on a two-hour walk through the jungle to our destination, Kokolopori, a group of villages. Bofenge Bombanga, a powerful-looking shaman from the Mongandu tribe clad in a loincloth and headdress made from dried hornbill beaks, leads a welcoming dance. Afterward, in one of many tribal fables I will hear about the bonobos, he tells me that a village elder was once trapped high in a tree after his climbing vine came loose—and a passing bonobo helped him down. "Since then it has been taboo for villagers to kill a bonobo," he says through an interpreter.

But others say the taboo on bonobo meat is not observed in some areas. As a Congolese bonobo conservationist named Lingomo Bongoli told me, "Since the war, outsiders have come here, and they tell our young people that bonobo meat gives you strength. Too many believe them." In an informal survey of his village, more than one in four people admitted to having eaten bonobo meat. Soldiers—rebel and government—were the worst offenders.

In the village we are greeted by Albert Lokasola, once secretary general of the DRC's Red Cross and now head of Vie Sauvage, a Congolese conservation group. His group is working to establish a bonobo reserve on the 1,100 square miles of Kokolopori that are home to an estimated 1,500 bonobos. Vie Sauvage employs 36 trackers from local villages (at a wage of $20 per man per month) to follow five

FRANS LANTING (2)

Conflicts in the Democratic Republic of the Congo have killed four million people since 1998 through war, disease and starvation. Citizens (in bonobo territory in July, Kokolopori villagers register to vote) are struggling to recover from the strife and upheaval. In late October they will elect a president.

bonobo groups and protect them from poachers. It also funds cash crops such as cassava and rice and small businesses such as soap-making and tailoring to deter villagers from poaching. Funding for the project, about $250,000 per year, comes from BCI and other conservation groups.

On day seven, after a tough trek scrambling over fallen trees and across slippery logs, we finally see what I have come all this way to see—bonobos, nine of them, part of the 40-member group known to local researchers as Hali-Hali. The first thing I notice is the animals' athletic build. At the Frankfurt Zoo, even males had the slim, elegant stature of ballet dancers, but jungle males are broad shouldered and well muscled, and the females too are bulky.

As he sits high on a limb munching fistfuls of leaves, the alpha male exudes dignity (even though he's the one who threw feces at me). Above us in the canopy, young and old bonobos are feasting. A male juvenile lies in the crook of a tree with one leg dangling down into space and the other resting at a right angle on the trunk, like a teenager on a sofa. Two females stop eating for a few moments to rub their swollen genitals together.

My heart stops as a youngster casually steps off a branch maybe 30 yards up and plunges toward the forest floor through branches and leaves. About ten yards before crashing into the ground, he grabs a branch and swings onto it. I'm told by the trackers that this death-defying game is a favorite among young bonobos, and invariably concludes with a wide grin on the acrobat's face.

Suddenly, the alpha male puckers his pink lips and lets loose a scream, a signal for the troop to move. He leads the way, hurtling from tree to tree just below the canopy. I stumble beneath them, trying to keep up, banging my head into low branches and tripping on vines spread like veins across the forest floor. After about 300 yards, the bonobos settle into another clump of trees and begin stripping branches and shoving leaves by the fistful into their mouths. About noon, they go to sleep.

When they wake after a couple of hours, the bonobos come down onto the ground, in search of plants and worms, moving so swiftly through the forest that we see them only as blurs of dark fur. I spy a female walking upright across a

PAUL RAFFAELE; P. 73 LEFT: FRANS LANTING; RIGHT: MARTIN HARVEY / DRK PHOTO

moss-covered log, her long arms held high in the air for balance like a tightrope walker.

As the setting sun paints the rain forest gold, the alpha male sits on a branch high above me and swings his human-like legs, for all the world appearing to be deep in thought as the sun slips below the canopy rim.

LATER IN THE WEEK, I follow the Hali-Hali group for 24 hours. I see that they spend much of the day feeding or dozing. At night, they settle in a clump of trees high in the canopy and build their springy nests, yanking leafy branches and weaving them into resting places. Chimps build night nests too, but theirs are not as elaborate as bonobo cradles, which resemble giant bird nests. Their chatter drifts away, and by 6 p.m., as the light leaches from the sky, each bonobo has settled out of sight in a leafy bed.

The trackers and I retreat for half an hour through the jungle. I crawl into a one-man tent, while the trackers sleep in the open around a fire they keep going all night to ward off leopards. At 5 a.m., I crouch with the trackers beneath the trees as the bonobos wake, stretch and eat leaves and fruits growing next to their nests—breakfast in bed, bonobo-style. A female swings to the next tree and rubs genitals with another female for about a minute, squeaking, while a male and a female, balanced on a bough, mate face to face, her legs wrapped around his waist. An hour later the troop swings off into the jungle. No one knows exactly why bonobos have sex so often. One leading explanation is that it maintains bonds within the community; another is that it prevents males from knowing which infants they sired and thus encourages them to protect all of the young in a group. Bonobo males are affectionate and attentive to infants; chimpanzee males, in contrast, are known to kill the offspring of rival males.

Back at camp, I meet with two Congolese researchers from the Ministry of Scientific Research and Technology. They had ridden bikes 35 miles along a jungle path from the village of Wamba. One of them, Mola Ihomi, spends the year at Wamba collecting bonobo data to share with researchers from Kyoto University, the same institution at which Kano worked years ago. The bonobo groups studied so far usually

range in size from 25 to 75 members. The animals have what primatologists call a fission-fusion social structure, in which the group gathers together at night to sleep but splits into smaller parties during the day to forage. The groups include males and females, adults and young.

Bonobo researchers no longer lure their subjects with sugar cane. In fact, Ihomi says, some scientists point out that Kano observed bonobos in an unnatural situation. Normally, bonobos eat leaves and fruit, and there's plenty to go around. But enticed into the sugar cane field, the animals were out of their treetop habitat and competing for a concentrated resource. By watching bonobos in more natural settings, Ihomi and others have discovered that females are not necessarily as dominant as they appeared in the sugar cane field. "The alpha male is usually in charge," Ihomi says.

Bonobos have a playful, gentle manner (below) that is often reminiscent of human beings at their best. At the same time, bonobos can be aggressive (right, a male defends his territory), another trait we share with them. Our common primate ancestor lived six million years ago.

Speaking Bonobo

Bonobos have an impressive vocabulary, especially when it comes to snacks

To better understand bonobo intelligence, I traveled to Des Moines, Iowa, to meet Kanzi, a 26-year-old male bonobo reputedly able to converse with humans. When Kanzi was an infant, American psychologist Sue Savage-Rumbaugh tried to teach his mother, Matata, to communicate using a keyboard labeled with geometric symbols. Matata never really got the hang of it, but Kanzi—who usually played in the background, seemingly oblivious, during his mother's teaching sessions—picked up the language.

Sue Savage-Rumbaugh (with Kanzi in 2003) says her bonobos can communicate with her and each other using more than 348 symbols.

Savage-Rumbaugh and her colleagues kept adding symbols to Kanzi's keyboard and laminated sheets of paper. First Kanzi used 6 symbols, then 18, finally 348. The symbols refer to familiar objects (yogurt, key, tummy, bowl), favored activities (chase, tickle), and even some concepts considered fairly abstract (now, bad).

Kanzi learned to combine these symbols in regular ways, or in what linguists call "proto-grammar." Once, Savage-Rumbaugh says, on an outing in a forest by the Georgia State University laboratory where he was raised, Kanzi touched the symbols for "marshmallow" and "fire." Given matches and marshmallows, Kanzi snapped twigs for a fire, lit them with the matches and toasted the marshmallows on a stick.

Savage-Rumbaugh claims that in addition to the symbols Kanzi uses, he knows the meaning of up to 3,000 spoken English words. She tests his comprehension in part by having someone in another room pronounce words that Kanzi hears through a set of headphones. Kanzi then points to the appropriate symbol on his keyboard. But Savage-Rumbaugh says Kanzi also understands words that aren't a part of his keyboard vocabulary; she says he can respond appropriately to commands such as "put the soap in the water" or "carry the TV outdoors."

About a year ago, Kanzi and his sister, mother, nephew and four other bonobos moved into a $10 million, 18-room house and laboratory complex at the Great Ape Trust, North America's largest great ape sanctuary, five miles from downtown Des Moines. The bonobo compound boasts a 13,000-square-foot lab, drinking fountains, outdoor playgrounds, rooms linked by hydraulic doors that the animals operate themselves by pushing buttons, and a kitchen where they can use a microwave oven and get snacks from a vending machine (pressing the symbols for desired foods).

Kanzi and the other bonobos spend evenings sprawled on the floor, snacking on M & M's, blueberries, onions and celery, as they watch DVDs they select by pressing buttons on a computer screen. Their favorites star apes and other creatures friendly with humans such as *Quest for Fire*, *Every Which Way But Loose*, *Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan* and *Babe*.

Through a glass panel, Savage-Rumbaugh asks Kanzi if it's OK for me to enter his enclosure. "The bonobos control who comes into their quarters," she explains. Kanzi, still the alpha male of this group in his middle age, has the mien of an aging patriarch—he's balding and paunchy with serious, deep-set eyes. Squealing apparent agreement, he pushes a button, and I walk inside. A wire barrier still separates us. "Kanzi can cause you serious damage if he wants," Savage-Rumbaugh adds.

Kanzi shows me his electronic lexigram touch pad, which is connected to a computer that displays—while a male voice speaks—the words he selects. But Kanzi's finger slips off the keys. "We're trying to solve this problem," says Savage-Rumbaugh.

She and her colleagues have been testing the bonobos' ability to express their thoughts vocally, rather than by pushing buttons. In one experiment she described to me, she placed Kanzi and Panbanisha, his sister, in separate rooms where they could hear but not see each other. Through lexigrams, Savage-Rumbaugh explained to Kanzi that he would be given yogurt. He was then asked to communicate this information to Panbanisha. "Kanzi vocalized, then Panbanisha vocalized in return and selected 'yogurt' on the keyboard in front of her," Savage-Rumbaugh tells me.

With these and other ape-language experiments, says Savage-Rumbaugh, "the mythology of human uniqueness is coming under challenge. If apes can learn language, which we once thought unique to humans, then it suggests that ability is not innate in just us."

But many linguists argue that these bonobos are simply very skilled at getting what they want, and that their abilities do not constitute language. "I do not believe that there has ever been an example anywhere of a nonhuman expressing an opinion, or asking a question. Not ever," says Geoffrey Pullum, a linguist at the University of California at Santa Cruz. "It would be wonderful if animals could say things about the world, as opposed to just signaling a direct emotional state or need. But they just don't."

Whatever the dimension of Kanzi's abilities, he and I did manage to communicate. I'd told Savage-Rumbaugh about some of my adventures, and she invited me to perform a Maori war dance. I beat my chest, slapped my thighs and hollered. The bonobos sat quiet and motionless for a few seconds, then all but Kanzi snapped into a frenzy, the noise deafening as they screamed, bared their teeth and pounded on the walls and floor of their enclosure. Still calm, Kanzi waved an arm at Savage-Rumbaugh, as if asking her to come closer, then let loose with a stream of squeaks and squeals. "Kanzi says he knows you're not threatening them," Savage-Rumbaugh said to me, "and he'd like you to do it again just for him, in a room out back, so the others won't get upset."

I'm skeptical, but I follow the researcher through the complex, out of Kanzi's sight. I find him, all alone, standing behind protective bars. Seeing me, he slapped his chest and thighs, mimicking my war dance, as if inviting me to perform an encore. I obliged, of course, and Kanzi joined in with gusto. ***—P.R.***

Visit Smithsonian.com to see video of Kanzi.

GREAT APE TRUST OF IOWA

Bonobos in the Hali-Hali group (a young male) enjoy the protection of Congolese and international conservationists. Advocates say that because of habitat loss and poaching, the number of bonobos in their historic range has fallen 80 percent, to about 20,000. But the actual figure is not known.

JEFFERY OONK / FOTO NATURA

The alpha male determines where the troop eats and sleeps and when it moves, and he is the first to defend the troop from leopards and pythons. But bonobo society is still much less authoritarian than that of other great apes. "If the alpha female doesn't want to follow him, she sits there and then the rest of the troop follows her lead and don't move," Ihomi says. "She always has the last say. It's like the alpha male is the general and the alpha female is the queen."

Researchers also now believe that the bonobo creed of making love, not war, is not as absolute as earlier studies suggested. Near Wamba, Ihomi says, he and his colleagues tracked three bonobo groups, two of which engaged in rambunctious sex when they ran into each other. But when the groups ran into the third group, "which isn't often," he says, "they display fiercely to defend their territory, males and females screaming, throwing dung and sticks at each other. They even fight, sometimes inflicting serious bite wounds."

Primatologists still regard bonobos as peaceful, at least compared with chimpanzees and other great apes, which are known to fight to the death over females or territory. Ihomi says, "I have never seen a bonobo kill another bonobo."

The effort to save wild bonobos is hampered by a lack of basic information. One urgent chore is to determine how many of the animals are left in the wild. By all estimates, their numbers are well down since the 1970s. "Political instability, the threat of renewed civil war, a surging human population, the thriving bush-meat trade and the destruction of bonobo habitat in the DRC is hurrying them toward extinction in the wild," says Daniel Malonza, a spokesman for The Great Apes Survival Project, a United Nations body set up five years ago to arrest the dramatic decline of the great apes.

In Mbandaka, Jean Marie Benishay, BCI's national director, showed me a photograph of bonobo skulls and bones that had been on sale at a village market for use in rituals. The seller told him the six bonobos had come from an area near Salonga National Park, southwest of Kokolopori, where they were once common but are rarely sighted these days. Gruesome as the photograph was, Benishay looks encouraged. "They come from a place where we thought bonobos had disappeared," he said with a grim smile. "This proves bonobos are still out there."

Read about a bonobo orphanage at Smithsonian.com.

Song and Dance Man

Growing up in a gritty urban neighborhood, Erich Jarvis dreamed of becoming a ballet star. Now the scientist's studies of how birds learn to sing are forging a new understanding of the human brain

BY JERRY ADLER **PHOTOGRAPH BY GREG FOSTER**

IF YOU WERE LOOKING for an animal in which to study the evolution of language, the zebra finch—a native of Australia that weighs about an ounce and has a brain the size of a grape—might not seem an obvious choice. Until recently, in fact, few researchers even considered the possibility that birds, with an evolutionary history that diverged from that of mammals 300 million years ago, have much to teach us about intelligence. But, says Duke University's Erich Jarvis, zebra finches have one truly outstanding quality—"vocal learning," the ability to remember and reproduce the sounds they hear, an ability shared, as far as we know, by only a handful of animal families. Besides human beings, these are elephants, bats, whales, dolphins and three orders of birds: parrots, hummingbirds and songbirds.

Pigeons coo and chickens squawk; wolves howl and monkeys chatter. But those sounds are innate. Dogs and horses can learn to respond to vocal commands, and some apes can be taught a primitive sign language. But none of those animals can learn to imitate new sounds, which appears to be one of the skills that made human culture possible. So in a basement a few flights down from Jarvis' laboratory, several hundred orange-beaked, gray-backed zebra finches fill the room with a soft chirruping, like so many tiny, squeaking fan belts. Their fate is to have their brains analyzed for the presence of proteins that signify the activation of certain genes during singing. "What's the most complex thing a brain can do? Language," says Jarvis, a 41-year-old neurobiologist. "I am starting from the naive position that if you can decipher the most complex thing about how the brain works, everything else will fall into place."

Oddly, perhaps, Jarvis began his career by impressing the zoologist Fernando Nottebohm as "the most disorganized and chaotic member of my laboratory." That was in 1989, when Jarvis, a product of the New York City public schools and Hunter College, arrived at Rockefeller University to study under Nottebohm, renowned for discovering that songbird brains actually grow new nerve cells throughout the bird's life. Jarvis is tall, lean and loose-limbed, with a short, curly beard; a former dancer who considered a career in ballet, he walks quickly and speaks rapidly in a soft, even voice. Growing up, he lived with his mother in Harlem after his parents' divorce, and with grandparents in Brooklyn and the Bronx. He attended the High School of the Performing Arts, and a bird, in his early experience, was something you cooked for Sunday dinner. In 1998, having completed his doctorate at Rockefeller, Jarvis moved to Duke, where four years later he received the Alan T. Waterman Award, the highest honor given by the National Science Foundation to a young researcher.

One great thing about what Jarvis studies is that there's funding for it, because he can plausibly claim to be doing work that might lead to a cure for human disease. Tracing the pathways of vocal learning in birds might help researchers working to restore speech in stroke victims, Jarvis says, adding: "We now know the avian brain is a lot more like the mammalian brain than people realized." The possibility of new treatments for brain injuries led to a $2.5 million "Pioneer" grant to Jarvis from the National Institutes of Health. The award, for high-risk, groundbreaking research, makes him an object of envy to other researchers, including even his old mentor Nottebohm, who wryly notes that Jarvis "is getting these days much more grant support than I get."

Jarvis is well known in the field for his speculation about the evolution of vocal learning—or, rather, its failure to evolve more often in nature. In songbirds, where as a rule the males sing, the trait plays a role in mating. "The more variable syntax you produce, the more likely a mate will choose you," Jarvis says. "They call them sexy songs." (It is, he adds, not all that different in another vocal-learning

Where does language come from? To find out, Jarvis (with avian subjects at Duke) and his co-workers study how particular genes control song-learning in zebra finches. The human brain, he suggests, is "more like the avian brain than people realized."

species, the one that produces poetry and improvisational jazz.) Jarvis believes that the neural architecture for vocal learning is basic to the vertebrate brain—specifically, that it is related to the motor-learning system that enables an animal, say, to walk. In that case, Jarvis wondered, why has such a useful trait not evolved more often?

His proposed answer (along with that of Japanese researcher Kazuo Okanoya, who came up with the same idea independently) represents a conceptual leap that his colleagues regard as somewhere between audacious and preposterous. He suggests that getting listened to is, for many animals, just another way to get eaten. Predators that become accustomed to the routine sounds of their prey take notice when someone whistles a different tune. Thus, evolution—which favors vocal learning by way of sexual selection—also works against it, through predation. Is it just coincidence that most of the species capable of vocal learning can also fly? Jarvis thinks not. When he talks about the idea at scientific meetings, he says, "half the room will be denouncing it . . . which doesn't bother me. At least until someone comes along to disprove it."

What do dancing and scientific research have in common? "Creativity," says Jarvis (performing in high school in the early 1980s), and "hard work."

As a scientist, Jarvis has come a long way since his first years at Rockefeller, when he was also dancing with a small company called Ballet Afrique and nearly washed out of the lab. "I really didn't see that he was going to survive," recalls David Clayton, a Rockefeller colleague now at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign. "It's interesting now to see him flourish. He's a very strong personality." Nottebohm says, "Erich was very insecure. He told me he thought he was being 'dissed.' I didn't even know what the word meant. I told him, you're right, they're discriminating against you, because you're a lousy scientist. And I think that really struck him. He became not only the most hard-working member of the lab, but he started doing things that were creative and well thought through."

It's not unusual for the name of a scientist at a major university like Duke to show up in the *New York Times*, as Jarvis' has half a dozen times. Yet the first *Times* reference to him is a 1983 review of his high-school graduation performance. ("Lisa Arrington and Erich Jarvis had the audience cheering with their Soviet-style lifts in a War and Discord pas de deux," the reviewer wrote.) Six years later, while in his first year at Rockefeller, he turns up again, in a long article under the headline "Random Death Claims a Man Who Struggled to Regain Life." The man was Jarvis' father, James, who had been homeless for years, living in caves in New York City parks. James Jarvis had graduated from the High School of Music and Art at 15 and majored in chemistry at City College. He had been a mentally ill drug addict for much of his later life, but in the year or so before his murder—an apparently motiveless crime that has not been solved—he had made efforts to reenter society. Erich Jarvis had been close to his father, when he could find him. "I don't know how many homeless people out there are scientists," he told the reporter. "But my father was a scientist. He was an explorer. He was studying survival techniques. He wanted to find the universal law of all laws."

Jarvis has some theories about how cultural biases have entered into his own, highly abstract field of science. For example, he suspects that the role of "housekeeping" genes, which perform routine functions such as regulating metabolism or maintaining the integrity of the cell wall, have been overlooked by many scientists because "housekeeping" is regarded as uninteresting: "Who invented this term? Why are [those genes] uninteresting? Because in the past, I believe the [male researchers] were thinking about their wives. In the family I come from—in most African-American families—housekeeping is highly respected." Recently his lab discovered that actin, a protein produced by one of the so-called "housekeeping" genes, appears to play a role in vocal learning.

When he's not traveling, Jarvis is in the laboratory six or seven days a week. He long ago gave up performing, although he manages to go out dancing once in a while with his wife, Miriam Rivas, a molecular biologist whom he met at Hunter College and is now a member of his lab. (One of her conditions for marrying Jarvis was that he know how to Latin dance. One of their concerns in moving to Durham, North Carolina, was whether they could find a suitable salsa club. They did.) He thinks it's not entirely a coincidence that someone whose life was steeped in music ended up studying bird song. (His colleague at Duke, neurobiologist Richard Mooney, who also works with songbirds, is a classical guitarist.) Jarvis' most recent paper was on the release of dopamine, a neurotransmitter that controls the brain's "reward" circuitry, in the bird brain during song. "We don't have the data to prove this," Jarvis says, "but the implication is that the bird gets pleasure out of singing." So much of life, for human and finch alike, comes down to music—and that singular gift of listening and learning.

JERRY ADLER *is a senior editor at* Newsweek *specializing in science.* **GREG FOSTER**, *a freelancer based in Atlanta, took the photographs in our story last month about cricket in America.*

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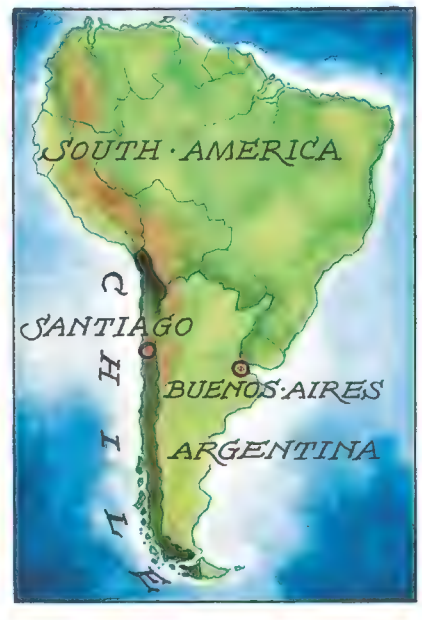
Once imprisoned by Pinochet, the new Socialist president Michelle Bachelet wants to spread the wealth initiated by the dictator's wrenching economic policies

BY JONATHAN KANDELL

ON THE EVENING of March 12, a broadly smiling woman emerged on the balcony of La Moneda, Chile's presidential palace in the heart of Santiago, the capital. Inaugurated the day before as the first woman to be elected chief of state in that country, President Michelle Bachelet extended her arms, acknowledging the cheers of 200,000 compatriots in the broad square below. Chileans had gathered from communities all along this string bean of a country that stretches 2,600 miles from northern deserts through fertile central valleys to rain-drenched southern forests.

Bachelet, a 55-year-old Socialist, offered her audience a message of pain and redemption, drawn from her own personal experience. She recalled the numerous victims of the 17-year, right-wing dictatorship of Gen. Augusto Pinochet that ended in 1990. "How many of our loved ones cannot be with us tonight?" she asked, referring to the estimated 3,500 dead and "disappeared"—citizens taken from their homes, often in



Michelle Bachelet (in Santiago this past January, opposite) became Chile's first female president on March 11. The daughter of a general believed to have been tortured to death after Pinochet's 1973 coup, she now symbolizes a historic reconciliation. "We are leaving that divided Chile behind," she often says.

the dark of night, who were never heard from again. They included her own father, Alberto Bachelet, a left-wing air force general who was almost certainly tortured to death in prison after the 1973 coup that brought Pinochet to power. Bachelet, a 21-year-old student activist at the time, was also jailed and, she has said, blindfolded and beaten. "We are leaving that dramatically divided Chile behind," the president promised that March evening. "Today, Chile is already a new place."

So it would seem. Pinochet, now 90 years old and ailing in his suburban Santiago home at the foot of the snow-topped Andes, has become an object of scorn. His political measures are well documented: the several thousand Chileans killed and many thousands more jailed for having supported the freely elected government of President Salvador Allende, a Socialist who died during an assault on La Moneda Palace by Pinochet's forces 33 years ago in September.

After the coup, General Pinochet (above left, in 1997) ruled until 1990. "What we lived through was so terrible," says Bachelet (right), "I wouldn't wish for anyone to live through [it] again."

Even most of the former dictator's admirers abandoned him after revelations since 2004 that he accumulated at least $27 million in secret bank accounts abroad, despite a modest military salary. Pinochet has evaded prison only because strokes and heart disease have left him too impaired to stand trial. "He has been so thoroughly discredited and humiliated that whether or not he ends up behind bars in a striped suit is almost immaterial," says José Zalaquett, 64, Chile's leading human rights lawyer.

And yet, Pinochet's despotic but economically successful legacy remains troublingly ambiguous to many Chileans. Led by young, free-market policy makers, Pinochet privatized everything from mines to factories to social security. He welcomed foreign investment and lifted trade barriers, forcing Chilean businesses to compete with imports or close down. The reforms were wrenching. At one time, a third of the labor force was unemployed. But since the mid-1980s, the economy has averaged almost 6 percent annual growth, raising per capita income for the 16 million Chileans to more than $7,000—making them among the most prosperous people in South America—and creating a thriving middle class. Today, only 18.7 percent of the population lives below the poverty line, compared, for example, with 38.7 percent in Brazil and 62.4 percent in Bolivia. At this pace, Chile, within a generation, will become Latin America's most prosperous nation.

Neighboring countries, many of which embrace populist, left-wing economic policies, tend to resent Chile's growing prosperity, rooted as it is in the policies put in place by the region's most notorious dictator. "We can't go around rubbing our neo-capitalism in the faces of other Latin Americans," says Raul Sohr, a Chilean novelist and leading center-left political commentator. "Bachelet certainly won't do that."

At home, however, neo-capitalism has taken root. The democratically elected governments that have succeeded Pinochet in Chile have barely tinkered with the economic model he ushered in. "Voters figure that the same economic policies will continue no matter who gets elected," says former economics minister Sergio de Castro, 76, who forged many of the Pinochet-era reforms. "So, if the left wants to appropriate the model we created, well that's just fine."

But traveling across this irresistibly beautiful country, it is hard not to notice the tension between economic consensus and brutal recent history, the origins of which I observed firsthand as a Santiago-based foreign correspondent for the *New York Times* at the end of the Allende government and in the early Pinochet regime.

MY MOST RECENT TRIP begins with a visit to a rodeo in Coronel, an agrarian community some 330 miles south of the capital. During the Allende years, militant peasant groups took over many farms and ranches, especially around Coronel. Conservative landowners here still display strong loyalties to Pinochet because he crushed the militants and returned their properties to them.

Thirty years ago, I reported on the peasant takeovers here. Today, I return to find the landscape transformed. Roads have been broadened and paved. Scruffy corn and wheat farms have given way to intensively cultivated fields of asparagus, berries, broccoli and fava beans. The highway to the Pacific Ocean port of Concepción, 14 miles north, is lined with factories where huge harvests of produce are frozen and packaged for export to the United States and other Northern Hemisphere markets.

The reasons for the agrarian boom are obvious to its beneficiaries, some of whom I meet at the Coronel rodeo. Pinochet's free-market regime offered farmers a crucial choice: fight a losing battle against cheaper grain imports from Argentina or develop products for export. A critical mass of farmers wisely—and ultimately successfully—

JONATHAN KANDELL, *a* New York Times *correspondent in Chile during the 1970s, writes about economics and culture.*

PAGE 80 ESEQUIEL SCAGNETTI /REPORTERS /REDUX; PAGE 81 MAP BY MIKE REAGAN; PAGE 82 VICTOR RUIZ/ARCHIVOLATINO/REDUX; VICTOR ROJAS/ ARCHIVOLATIONO/ REDUX. PAGE 83 ROBERTO WESTBROOK

chose the export route. "Pinochet saved us," says Marina Aravena, sitting in the rodeo stands next to her father, an elderly rancher and agribusiness owner. Bachelet's inauguration would take place during the rodeo weekend, but Aravena, like many of the 2,000 spectators, had no intention of watching the ceremony on television. "I'm not the least interested," she says.

AT NIGHT, ranchers and spouses gather to celebrate the winning *huasos*—Chilean cowboys—inside the rodeo ground's makeshift banquet hall, a palm-thatched space with sawdust spread over the floor. Couples shuffle through the *cueca*, a popular dance that reminds me of a rooster trying to corner a hen. In a fast-changing, increasingly urbanized society, many Chileans seem eager to embrace huaso culture—with its emphasis on military bearing; mocking songs; and a hardy cuisine reliant on *empanadas* (meat-filled turnovers) and *cazuela de carne* (thick beef stew poured over rice).

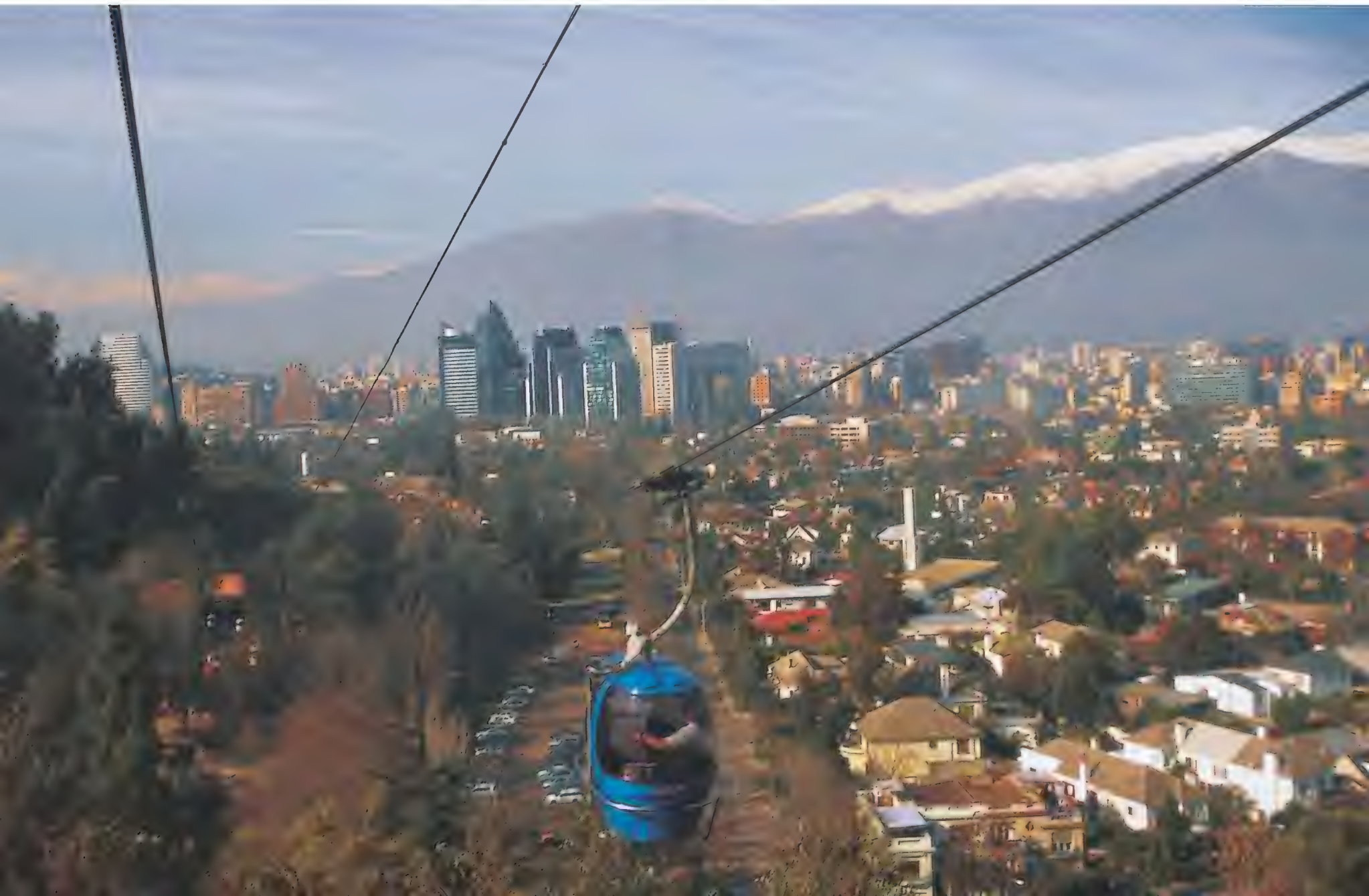
The distinctive huaso culture grew out of geographical constraints. Because the country is so narrow—never wider than 120 miles from the Andes in the east to the Pacific in the west—ranches were always much smaller than in nearby Argentina, with its vast plains. Grazing lands in Chile weren't fenced off, so herds from neighboring ranches mingled and were separated only after they had fattened enough for slaughter. The most efficient way to cull animals was to lead them singly into corrals, each enclosure belonging to a different rancher. Therefore, a premium was placed on treating livestock gently; no one wanted to risk injuring a neighbor's cattle.

> The crimes of the Pinochet regime have been well documented: several thousand Chileans were killed and thousands more were jailed.

Tonight, at the long, wooden bar, boisterous huasos are sampling local cabernets and merlots. An argument ensues about a proposal to allow women to compete in future rodeos. "Anything can happen," says Rafael Bustillos, a 42-year-old huaso, with a shrug. "None of us could have imagined a woman president."

Bachelet would no doubt agree. "A few years ago, frankly, this would have been unthinkable," she told the Argentine congress on her first visit abroad, just ten days after assuming office. Discriminatory attitudes toward women, which had hardened during Pinochet's military dictatorship, lingered well after the restoration of democracy. (Divorce wasn't legalized until 2004; Chile was the last country in the Americas to

To the surprise of many, Pinochet's free-market reforms led to unprecedented prosperity and growth (Santiago, Chile's booming capital, below). With its thriving middle class and profitable exports, the nation today is poised to become Latin America's most economically robust.



do so.) Yet Bachelet is a single parent of three children.

She grew up the daughter of a career air force officer, moving around Chile as her father was posted from one base to another. In 1972, with the nation in economic chaos and nearing civil strife, President Allende appointed General Bachelet to enforce price controls on food products and ensure their distribution to poorer Chileans. "It would cost him his life," his daughter would recall in *Michelle*, a biography by Elizabeth Subercaseaux and Maly Sierra, recently published in Chile. General Bachelet's zeal for the task got him labeled an Allende sympathizer; he was arrested hours after the Pinochet-led coup that began on September 11, 1973, with the bombing of La Moneda. Michelle Bachelet watched the attack from the roof of her university and saw the presidential palace in flames. Six months later, her father died in prison, officially from a heart attack.

Economic expansion has come at a price. The timber industry, for example, has clear-cut old-growth forests to plant fast-growing pine. Above: Access roads scar the green hillsides.

After her own brief imprisonment (no official charges were filed against her), Michelle Bachelet was deported to Australia, in 1975, but after a few months there she moved to East Berlin, where she enrolled in medical school. She married another Chilean exile, Jorge Dávalos, an architect who is the father of her two older children, Sebastián and Francisca. Bachelet speaks about her personal life with an openness unusual, especially among public figures, in this conservative Catholic country. She wed in a civil ceremony in East Germany, she told her biographers, only after she became pregnant. She separated from her husband, she added, because "the constant arguments and fights were not the sort of life I wanted for myself or my children." Returning to Chile four years later, in 1979, she earned degrees in surgery and pediatrics at the University of Chile's School of Medicine. At a Santiago hospital, she met a fellow doctor who, like Bachelet, was attending AIDS patients. The couple separated within months of the birth of their daughter, Sofia.

Following years of working as a doctor and administrator at public health agencies, Bachelet was named Minister of Health in 2000 by President Ricardo Lagos, a Socialist for whom she had campaigned. As a member of his cabinet, Bachelet quickly delivered on her public promise to end long waiting lines at government clinics. With her popularity soaring, Lagos tapped her in 2002 to be his Minister of Defense, the first woman to occupy that post and a controversial appointment, considering her father's fate. "I'm not an angel," she told the *New York Times* that year. "I haven't forgotten. It left pain. But I have tried to channel that pain into a constructive realm. I insist on the idea that what we lived through here in Chile was so painful, so terrible, that I wouldn't wish for anyone to live through our situation again." By most accounts, the daughter proved popular among army officers for working hard to dissolve lingering distrust between the armed forces and center-left politicians. In 2003, on her watch, army commander in chief Gen. Juan Emilio Cheyre publicly vowed that the military would "never again" carry out a coup or interfere in politics.

Bachelet won the presidency in a runoff on January 15, 2006, with 53.5 percent of the vote against conservative Sebastián Piñera, a billionaire businessman. She named women to half of 20 posts in her cabinet, including Karen Poniachik, 40, as minister of mining and energy. "When I visit my supermarket, women clerks and customers—even some who admit not having voted for Bachelet—tell me how good they feel about seeing women at the top levels of government," says Poniachik, a former journalist. But many others, particularly in the business world, where a bias against women is widespread, sound uneasy.

Mine owners, in particular, have distrusted Socialists since the Allende years. Calling copper "the wages of Chile," Allende nationalized the biggest mines, which happened to be owned by U.S. companies. That action provoked the ire of Washington, and soon the Central Intelligence Agency was abetting plotters against Allende. The Marxist president had failed to gain the support of most copper miners, who considered themselves the country's blue-collar elite. Angered by hyperinflation that undercut their paychecks, many joined general strikes—in part financed by the CIA—that weakened Allende and set the stage for his overthrow. Under Pinochet, most state mines were sold back to private investors, both foreign and Chilean. Low taxes and minimal interference let mine owners raise technology levels, improve labor conditions and vastly increase production. And the center-left civilian governments that followed Pinochet have pursued the same policies. Several South American countries, including Venezuela, Bolivia and Ecuador, are increasing state control of natural resources. "But in Chile, it's not even an issue," says Poniachik. "Everybody thinks private investment has been positive in all aspects of mining."

Most of Chile's copper mines are in the dry and cloudless desert north. One of the biggest, Los Pelambres, some 125 miles north of Santiago, is largely owned by the family of Andrónico Luksic, who died last year at 78. As a young man, Luk-

ROBERTO WESTBROOK

sic sold his stake in a small ore deposit he had discovered to investors from Japan. The Japanese thought the price Luksic had quoted them was in dollars when in fact it was in Chilean pesos. As a result, Luksic was paid a half-million dollars, or more than ten times his asking price. This marked the beginning of his stupendous fortune. Last year, Los Pelambres earned $1.5 billion, thanks to record copper prices stoked by booming Asian economies. "Prices will stay high for at least the next three years," says Luis Novoa, a financial executive at Los Pelambres. "China and India just keep growing and need all the copper we can sell them."

> "When I visit my supermarket, women clerks and customers . . . tell me how good they feel about seeing women at top levels of government."

At the upper edge of Los Pelambres, 11,500 feet high, the air is so thin and clear that the ridges from exhausted copper veins appear closer than they are, as do mammoth mechanized shovels scooping up new ore deposits at the bottom of the canyon-size pit. "All these deposits were once liquid magma—molten rock deep below the surface—and could have spewed out of volcanoes, like what happened all over Chile," says Alvio Zuccone, the mine's chief geologist. "But instead the magma cooled and hardened into mineral deposits."

The deposits contain less than 1 percent copper; after excavation, they must be crushed, concentrated and dissolved into a water emulsion that is piped to a Pacific port about 65 miles west. There the emulsion is dried into a cake (now 40 percent copper) and shipped, mostly to Asia. The Los Pelambres work is the simplest part of the process. "We're just a bunch of rock grinders," says Zuccone.

Because mining takes place in the almost unpopulated northern deserts, it has escaped environmental controversy. But forestry has stirred heated debate. "Under the volcanoes, beside the snow-capped mountains, among the huge lakes, the fragrant, the silent, the tangled Chilean forest," wrote Pablo Neruda (1904-73), Chile's Nobel laureate poet, about his childhood in the country's wooded south. Today, little of his beloved forest survives. Gone are the bird that "sings like an oboe," and the scents of wild herbs that "flood my whole being," as Neruda recalled. Like yellow capillaries, timber access roads and bald patches scar the green hillsides.

In 1992, American entrepreneur Douglas Tompkins used some of the proceeds from the sale of his majority stake in the

Chilean cowboys, or *huasos* (below, wearing traditional garb at a rodeo), maneuver steers around the ring using their horses' chests, a tradition that grows out of practices on small, unfenced ranches in a nation never wider than 120 miles. Competitors lose points for mistreating animals.

PAUL A. SOUDERS / CORBIS

sportswear firm Esprit to create a refuge for Chile's shrinking, ancient forests at Pumalín, a private park encompassing 738,000 acres of virgin woodlands some 800 miles south of Santiago. Initially, Pumalín was hugely controversial. Ultranationalists claimed that because it amounted to a foreign-owned preserve that bisected the country, it threatened Chile's security. But opposition dissolved once it became clear that Tompkins' intentions were benign. Several Chilean billionaires have followed his example and bought vast forest expanses to preserve as parks. (In Argentina, however, where Tompkins created a 741,000-acre preserve, opposition to foreign ownership of environmental refuges has intensified. Critics there are calling for Tompkins to divest—despite his stated intention to donate holdings to the government.)

"I thought, 'This is the place,'" American philanthropist Douglas Tompkins (at his refuge), told the *Los Angeles Times* about his first glimpse of Chile's remote Pumalín wilderness, in 1990.

Pumalín is also important because it is one of the few temperate rain forests in the world. Annual rainfall here totals a startling 20 feet. As in tropical jungles, the majority of trees never lose their foliage. Moss and lichen blanket trunks. Ferns grow nine feet tall. Stands of woolly bamboo rise much higher. And other plant species scale tree branches, seeking out the sun. "You see the same interdependence of species and fragility of soils that exist in the Amazon," says a guide, Mauricio Igor, 39, a descendant of the Mapuche Indians who thrived in these forests before the European conquest.

Alerce trees grow as tall as sequoias and live as long. Their seeds take a half century to germinate, and the trees grow only an inch or two a year. But their wood, which is extremely hard, has long been prized in house construction, and despite decades of official prohibitions against its use, poachers have brought the species to the verge of extinction. Pumalín is part of the last redoubt of the alerce—750,000 acres of contiguous forest stretching down from the Andes on the Argentine border to the Chilean fiords on the Pacific.

In a cathedral stand of alerces, Igor points out one with a 20-foot circumference, rising almost 200 feet and believed to be more than 3,000 years old. Its roots are entwined with those of a half-dozen other species. Its trunk is draped in red flowers. "I doubt even this tree would have survived if Pumalín didn't exist," he says.

MEXICO CITY AND LIMA built imposing Baroque-style palaces and churches with the silver bonanzas mined in Mexico and Peru during the 1600s and 1700s. But the oldest structures in Santiago date back only to the 19th century. "Chile was on the margins of the Spanish Empire, and its austere architecture reflected its modest economic circumstances," says Antonio Sahady, director of the Institute of Architectural Restoration at the University of Chile, which has helped preserve older Santiago neighborhoods.

Now Santiago's more affluent citizens are moving eastward into newer districts closer to the Andes. "They have embraced the California model of the suburban house with a garden and a close view of the mountains—and of course, the shopping mall," says Sahady. I drop by a mirrored high-rise where one of the city's largest real estate developers has its headquarters. Sergio de Castro, Pinochet's former economics minister and architect of his reforms, is chairman of the company.

De Castro was the leader of "the Chicago boys," a score of Chileans who studied economics at the University of Chicago in the 1950s and '60s and became enamored with the free-market ideology of Milton Friedman, a Nobel laureate then teaching at the school. Once installed in the highest reaches of the Pinochet regime, the Chicago boys put into practice neo-capitalist notions beyond anything Friedman was advocating.

"Maybe the most radical of these ideas was to privatize the social security system," says de Castro. To be sure, by the time the Allende government was overthrown in 1973, payments to retirees had become virtually worthless because of hyperinflation. But nowhere in the world had private pension funds replaced a state-run social security system. Under the system put in place in 1981, employees hand over 12.5 percent of their monthly salaries to the fund management company of their choice. The company invests the money into stocks and bonds. In theory, these investments guarantee "a dignified retirement"—as the system's slogan asserts—after a quarter-century of contributions. President Bush, who visited Chile in November 2004, praised the country's privatized pension system and suggested it could offer guidance for the Social Security overhaul that he was then advocating at home.

The positive effects on the Chilean economy became apparent much sooner. As pension fund contributions mushroomed into billions of dollars, Chile created the only domestic capital market in Latin America. Rather than having to depend on high-interest loans from global banks, Chilean firms could raise money by selling their stocks and bonds to private pension fund management companies. "This was a crucial element in our economic growth," says de Castro.

ADRIANA LOPEZ-SANFELLIU (2)

Government emissaries from elsewhere in Latin America and as far away as Eastern Europe flocked to Santiago to learn about the system—and install versions in their own countries.

But seven years ago Yazmir Fariña, an accountant at the University of Chile, began to notice something amiss. Retired university professors, administrators and blue-collar employees were complaining that they were receiving much less than they expected, while the small minority who stayed with the old, maligned, state-run social security system were doing quite well. "We began doing research across the country, just among public employees," says Fariña, 53. "More than 12,000 retirees immediately sent us complaints that they were making a fraction of what they had been promised. We discovered a nationwide catastrophe." According to spokespersons for the private pension funds, only those retirees who failed to make regular contributions are suffering a shortfall in their retirement checks. But this is disputed by many retirees.

Graciela Ortíz, 65, a retired government lawyer, gets a pension of $600 a month—less than a third of what she expected. Her friend, María Bustos, 63, the former chief public accountant for Chile's internal revenue service, lives on $500 a month. And Abraham Balda, 66, a night guard at the university for 35 years, subsists on a monthly pension of $170. "The private pension funds are helping the country grow," says Fariña, who formed an association of retirees to lobby for lost benefits and pension reform. "But whatever happened to a 'dignified retirement'?"

Fariña's association has ballooned to 120,000 members. More important, their complaints became the biggest issue of the recent presidential campaign. The retirees probably gave Bachelet a decisive edge in her victory.

On that March 12 evening following her inauguration, the new president made a long list of promises to the many thousands of spectators gathered below the balcony of the presidential palace. Their loudest cheers erupted when she promised to fix the private pension system. "What could be better than finishing off in 2010 with a great social protection system for all citizens?" she asked. And what could be better than a major economic reform that a freely elected Chilean government could call its own?

> My guide points out an *alerce* tree, believed to be some 3,000 years old: "I doubt this tree would have survived if Pumalín did not exist."

The Pumalín refuge, 800 miles south of Santiago, encompasses 738,000 acres of virgin woodland stretching from the Argentine border to the Pacific Ocean (where sea lions populate a fiord). Several Chilean billionaires, inspired by Tompkins, have bought vast tracts of land as preserves.

We retrace the travels (and travails) of the ragtag group that founded Plymouth Colony, gave us Thanksgiving and laid the foundation for democracy in the New World

BY SIMON WORRALL

The religious Separatists later known as Pilgrims left England for America in the *Mayflower* and the *Speedwell* in August 1620.

Pilgrims'

ON AN AUTUMN NIGHT in 1607, a furtive group of men, women and children set off in a relay of small boats from the English village of Scrooby, in pursuit of the immigrant's oldest dream, a fresh start in another country. These refugees, who would number no more than 50 or 60, we know today as Pilgrims. In their day, they were called Separatists. Whatever the label, they must have felt a mixture of fear and hope as they approached the dimly lit creek, near the Lincolnshire port of Boston, where they would steal aboard a ship, turn their backs on a tumultuous period of the Reformation in England and head across the North Sea to the Netherlands.

There, at least, they would have a chance to build new lives, to worship as they chose and to avoid the fate of fellow Separatists like John Penry, Henry Barrow and John Greenwood, who had been hanged for their religious beliefs in 1593. Like the band of travelers fleeing that night, religious nonconformists were seen as a threat to the Church of England and its supreme ruler, King James I. James' cousin, Queen Elizabeth I (1533-1603), had made concerted efforts to reform the church after Henry VIII's break with the Roman Catholic faith in the 1530s. But as the 17th century got under way at the end of her long reign, many still believed that the new church had done too little to distinguish itself from the old one in Rome.

Progress

In the view of these reformers, the Church of England needed to simplify its rituals, which still closely resembled Catholic practices, reduce the influence of the clerical hierarchy and bring the church's doctrines into closer alignment with New Testament principles. There was also a problem, some of them felt, with having the king as the head of both church and state, an unhealthy concentration of temporal and ecclesiastical power.

These Church of England reformers came to be known as Puritans, for their insistence on further purification of established doctrine and ceremony. More radical were the Separatists, those who split off from the mother church to form independent congregations, from whose ranks would come the Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists and other Protestant denominations. The first wave of Separatist pioneers—that little band of believers sneaking away from England in 1607—would eventually be known as Pilgrims. The label, which came into use in the late 18th century, appears in William Bradford's *Of Plymouth Plantation.*

They were led by a group of radical pastors who, challenging the authority of the Church of England, established a network of secret religious congregations in the countryside around Scrooby. Two of their members, William Brewster and William Bradford, would go on to exert a profound influence on American history as leaders of the colony at Plymouth, Massachusetts, the first permanent European settlement in New England and the first to embrace rule by majority vote.

For the moment, though, they were fugitives, inner exiles in a country that did not want their brand of Protestantism. If caught, they faced harassment, heavy fines and imprisonment.

Beyond a few tantalizing details about the leaders Brewster and Bradford, we know very little about these English men and women who formed the vanguard of the Pilgrim's arrival in the New World—not even what they looked like. Only one, Edward Winslow, who became the third governor of Plymouth Colony in 1633, ever sat for his portrait, in 1651. We do know that they did not dress in black and white and wear stovepipe hats as the Puritans did. They dressed in earth tones—the green, brown and russet corduroy typical of the English countryside. And, while they were certainly religious, they could also be spiteful, vindictive and petty—as well as honest, upright and courageous, all part of the DNA they would bequeath to their adopted homeland.

TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT these pioneering Englishmen, I set off from my home in Herefordshire and headed north to Scrooby, now a nondescript hamlet set in a bucolic landscape of red brick farmhouses and gently sloping fields. The roadsides were choked with daffodils. Tractors chugged through rich fields with their wagons full of seed potatoes. Unlike later waves of immigrants to the United States, the Pilgrims came from a prosperous country, not as refugees escaping rural poverty.

Religious leader William Brewster (above left, from a fanciful 1857 painting) began his spiritual journey in the English village of Scrooby, where a half-timbered vicarage (left) and the Pilgrim Fathers pub (above) recall the tumultuous times of the Protestant Reformation.

The English do not make much of their Pilgrim heritage. "It's not our story," a former museum curator, Malcolm Dolby, told me. "These aren't *our* heroes." Nonetheless, Scrooby has made at least one concession to its departed predecessors: the Pilgrim Fathers pub, a low, whitewashed building, right by the main road. The bar used to be called the Saracen's Head but got a face-lift and

SIMON WORRALL, *who lives in Herefordshire, England, wrote about cricket in the October issue of* SMITHSONIAN.

P. 88 PILGRIM HALL MUSEUM, PLYMOUTH, MA; P. 90 BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART / BRIDGEMAN ART LIBRARY; SIMON WHEATLEY / MAGNUM PHOTOS; CAROLYN DJANOGLY

a change of name in 1969 to accommodate American tourists searching their roots. A few yards from the pub, I found St. Wilfrid's church, where William Brewster, who would become the spiritual leader of Plymouth Colony, once worshiped. The church's current vicar, the Rev. Richard Spray, showed me around. Like many medieval country churches, St. Wilfrid's had a makeover in the Victorian era, but the structure of the building Brewster knew remained largely intact. "The church is famous for what's not in it," Spray said. "Namely, the Brewsters and the other Pilgrims. But it's interesting to think that the Thanksgiving meal they had when they got to America apparently resembled a Nottinghamshire Harvest Supper—minus the turkey!"

A few hundred yards from St. Wilfrid's, I found the remains of Scrooby Manor, where William Brewster was born in 1566 or 1567. This esteemed Pilgrim father gets little recognition in his homeland—all that greets a visitor is a rusting "No Trespassing" sign and a jumble of half-derelict barns, quite the contrast to his presence in Washington, D.C. There, in the Capitol, Brewster is commemorated with a fresco that shows him—or, rather, an artist's impression of him—seated, with shoulder-length hair and a voluminous beard, his eyes raised piously toward two chubby cherubs sporting above his head.

Today, this rural part of eastern England in the county of Nottinghamshire is a world away from the commerce and bustle of London. But in William Brewster's day, it was rich in agriculture and maintained maritime links to northern Europe. Through the region ran the Great North Road from London to Scotland. The Brewster family was well respected here until William Brewster became embroiled in the biggest political controversy of their day, when Queen Elizabeth decided to have her cousin, Mary, Queen of Scots, executed in 1587. Mary, a Catholic whose first husband had been the King of France, was implicated in conspiracies against Elizabeth's continued Protestant rule.

Brewster's mentor, the secretary of state, became a scapegoat in the aftermath of Mary's beheading. Brewster himself survived the crisis, but he was driven from the glittering court in London, his dreams of worldly success dashed. His disillusionment with the politics of court and church may have led him in a radical direction—he fatefully joined the congregation of All Saints Church in Babworth, a few miles down the road from Scrooby.

There the small band of worshipers likely heard the minister, Richard Clyfton, extolling St. Paul's advice, from Second Corinthians, 6:17, to cast off the wicked ways of the world: "Therefore come out from them, and be separate from them, says the Lord, and touch nothing unclean." (This bit of scripture probably gave the Separatists their name.) Separatists wanted a better way, a more direct religious experience, with no intermediaries between them and God as revealed in the Bible. They disdained bishops and archbishops for their worldliness and corruption and wanted to replace them with a democratic structure led by lay and clerical elders and teachers of their own choosing. They opposed any vestige of Catholic ritual, from the sign of the cross to priests decked out in vestments. They even regarded the exchanging of wedding rings as a profane practice.

Disillusioned with orthodox Church of England practices, reformers began visiting All Saints Church in Babworth, where minister Richard Clyfton preached simplified rituals and less church hierarchy—new ideas that cost him his job.

A young orphan, William Bradford, was also drawn into the Separatist orbit during the country's religious turmoil. Bradford, who in later life would become the second governor of Plymouth Colony, met William Brewster around 1602-3, when Brewster was about 37 and Bradford 12 or 13. The older man became the orphan's mentor, tutoring him in Latin, Greek and religion. Together they would travel the seven miles from Scrooby to Babworth to hear Richard Clyfton preach his seditious ideas—how everyone, not just priests, had a right to discuss and interpret the Bible; how parishioners should take an active part in services; how anyone could depart from the official Book of Common Prayer and speak directly to God.

In calmer times, these assaults on convention might have passed with little notice. But these were edgy days in England. James I (James VI as King of Scotland) had ascended to the throne in 1603. Two years later, decades of

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Catholic maneuvering and subversion had culminated in the Gunpowder Plot, when mercenary Guy Fawkes and a group of Catholic conspirators came very close to blowing up Parliament and with them the Protestant king.

Against this turmoil, the Separatists were eyed with suspicion and more. Anything smacking of subversion, whether Catholic or Protestant, provoked the ire of the state. "No bishop, no king!" thundered the newly crowned king, making it clear that any challenge to church hierarchy was also a challenge to the Crown and, by implication, the entire social order. "I shall make them conform," James proclaimed against the dissidents, "or I will hurry them out of the land or do worse."

He meant it. In 1604, the Church introduced 141 canons that enforced a sort of spiritual test aimed at flushing out nonconformists. Among other things, the canons declared that anyone rejecting the practices of the established church excommunicated themselves and that all clergymen had to accept and publicly acknowledge the royal supremacy and the authority of the Prayer Book. It also reaffirmed the use of church vestments and the sign of the cross in baptism. Ninety clergymen who refused to embrace the new canons were expelled from the Church of England. Among them was Richard Clyfton, of All Saints at Babworth.

Brewster and his fellow Separatists now knew how dangerous it had become to worship in public; from then on, they would hold only secret services in private houses, such as Brewster's residence, Scrooby Manor. His connections helped to prevent his immediate arrest. Brewster and other future Pilgrims would also meet quietly with a second congregation of Separatists on Sundays in Old Hall, a timbered black-and-white structure in Gainsborough. Here under hand-hewn rafters, they would listen to a Separatist preacher, John Smyth, who, like Richard Clyfton before him, argued that congregations should be allowed to pick and ordain their own clergy and worship should not be confined only to prescribed forms sanctioned by the Church of England.

"It was a very closed culture," says Sue Allan, author of *Mayflower Maid*, a novel about a local girl who follows the Pilgrims to America. Allan leads me upstairs to the tower roof, where the entire town lay spread at our feet. "Everyone had to go to the Church of England," she said. "It was noted if you didn't. So what they were doing here was completely illegal. They were holding their own services. They were discussing the Bible, a big no-no. But they had the courage to stand up and be counted."

By 1607, however, it had become clear that these clandestine congregations would have to leave the country if they wanted to survive. The Separatists began planning an escape to the Netherlands, a country that Brewster had known from his younger, more carefree days. For his beliefs, William Brewster was summoned to appear before his local ecclesiastical court at the end of that year for being "disobedient in matters of Religion." He was fined £20, the equivalent of $5,000 today. Brewster did not appear in court or pay the fine.

Above the village of Gainsborough, novelist Sue Allan testifies to the bravery of Separatists who held secret religious services in the community's Old Hall (left), a practice for which they risked arrest. "They were discussing the Bible," she says, "a big no-no."

But immigrating to Amsterdam was not so easy: under a statute passed in the reign of Richard II, no one could leave England without a license, something Brewster, Bradford and many other Separatists knew they would never be granted. So they tried to slip out of the country unnoticed.

They had arranged for a ship to meet them at Scotia Creek, where its muddy brown waters spool toward the North Sea, but the captain betrayed them to the authorities, who clapped them in irons. They were taken back to Boston in small open boats. On the way, the local catchpole officers, as the police were known, "rifled and ransacked them, searching to their shirts for money, yea even the women further than became modesty," William Bradford

CAROLYN DJANOGLY (2)

recalled. According to Bradford, they were bundled into the town center where they were made into "a spectacle and wonder to the multitude which came flocking on all sides to behold them." By this time, they had been relieved of almost all their possessions: books, clothes and money.

After their arrest, the would-be escapees were brought before magistrates. Legend has it that they were held in the cells at Boston's Guildhall, a 14th-century building near the harbor. The cells are still here: claustrophobic, cage-like structures with heavy iron bars. American tourists, I am told, like to sit inside them and imagine their forebears imprisoned as martyrs. But historian Malcolm Dolby doubts the story. "The three cells in the Guildhall were too small—only six feet long and five feet wide. So you are not talking about anything other than one-person cells. If they were held under any sort of arrest, it must have been house arrest against a bond, or something of that nature," he explains. "There's a wonderful illustration of the constables of Boston pushing these people into the cells! But I don't think it happened."

Bradford, however, described that after "a month's imprisonment," most of the congregation were released on bail and allowed to return to their homes. Some families had nowhere to go. In anticipation of their flight to the Netherlands, they had given up their houses and sold their worldly goods and were now dependent on friends or neighbors for charity. Some rejoined village life.

If Brewster continued his rebellious ways, he faced prison, and possibly torture, as did his fellow Separatists. So in the spring of 1608, they organized a second attempt to flee the country, this time from Killingholme Creek, about 60 miles up the Lincolnshire coast from the site of the first, failed escape bid. The women and children traveled separately by boat from Scrooby down the River Trent to the upper estuary of the River Humber. Brewster and the rest of the male members of the congregation traveled overland.

They were to rendezvous at Killingholme Creek, where a Dutch ship, contracted out of Hull, would be waiting. Things went wrong again. Women and children arrived a day early. The sea had been rough, and when some of them got seasick, they took shelter in a nearby creek. As the tide went out, their boats were seized by the mud. By the time the Dutch ship arrived the next morning, the women and children were stranded high and dry, while the men, who had arrived on foot, walked anxiously up and down the shore waiting for them. The Dutch captain sent one of his boats ashore to collect some of the men, who made it safely back to the main vessel. The boat was dispatched to pick up another load of passengers when, William Bradford recalled, "a great company, both horse and foot, with bills and guns and other weapons," appeared on the shore, intent on arresting the would-be departees. In the confusion that followed, the Dutch captain weighed anchor and set sail with the first batch of Separatists. The trip from England to Amsterdam normally took a couple of days—but more bad

Pilgrims set up shop in Leiden, the Netherlands, in 1609. In a street now known as William Brewster Alley, they produced *Perth Assembly*, a religious tract considered subversive in its day.

MICHEL DE GROOT; PILGRIM HALL MUSEUM, PLYMOUTH, MA.

luck was in store. The ship, caught in a hurricane-force storm, was blown almost to Norway. After 14 days, the emigrants finally landed in the Netherlands. Back at Killingholme Creek, most of the men who had been left behind had managed to escape. The women and children were arrested for questioning, but no constable wanted to throw them in prison. They had committed no crime beyond wanting to be with their husbands and fathers. Most had already given up their homes. The authorities, fearing a backlash of public opinion, quietly let the families go. Brewster and John Robinson, another leading member of the congregation, who would later become their minister, stayed behind to make sure the families were cared for until they could be reunited in Amsterdam.

Over the next few months, Brewster, Robinson and others escaped across the North Sea in small groups to avoid attracting notice. Settling in Amsterdam, they were befriended by another group of English Separatists called the Ancient Brethren. This 300-member Protestant congregation was led by Francis Johnson, a firebrand minister who had been a contemporary of Brewster's at Cambridge. He and other members of the Ancient Brethren had done time in London's torture cells.

Although Brewster and his congregation of some 100 began to worship with the Ancient Brethren, the pious newcomers were soon embroiled in theological disputes and left, Bradford said, before "flames of contention" engulfed them. After less than a year in Amsterdam, Brewster's discouraged flock picked up and moved again, this time to settle in the city of Leiden, near the magnificent church known as Pieterskerk (St. Peter's). This was during Holland's golden age, a period when painters like Rembrandt and Vermeer would celebrate the physical world in all its sensual beauty. Brewster, meanwhile, had by Bradford's account "suffered much hardship. . . . But yet he ever bore his condition with much cheerfulness and contentation." Brewster's family settled in Stincksteeg, or Stink Alley, a narrow, back alley where slops were taken out. The congregation took whatever jobs they could find, according to William Bradford's later recollection of the period. He worked as a maker of fustian (corduroy). Brewster's 16-year-old son, Jonathan, became a ribbon maker. Others labored as brewer's assistants, tobacco-pipe makers, wool carders, watchmakers or cobblers. Brewster taught English. In Leiden, good-paying jobs were scarce, the language was difficult and the standard of living was low for the English immigrants. Housing was poor, infant mortality high.

After two years the group had pooled together money to buy a house spacious enough to accommodate their meetings and Robinson's family. Known as the Green Close, the house lay in the shadow of Pieterskerk. On a large lot behind the house, a dozen or so Separatist families occupied one-room cottages. On Sundays, the congregation gathered in a meeting room and worshiped together for two four-hour services, the men sitting on one side of the church, the women on the other. Attendance was compulsory, as were services in the Church of England.

English Separatists lived in a cramped Leiden neighborhood beneath the imposing brick hulk of Pieterskerk (or St. Peter's church, now covered for renovation), one of many way stations on their long journey to America.

MICHEL DE GROOT

NOT FAR FROM the Pieterskerk, I find William Brewstersteeg, or William Brewster Alley, where the rebel reformer oversaw a printing company later generations would call the Pilgrim Press. Its main reason for being

was to generate income, largely by printing religious treatises, but the Pilgrim Press also printed subversive pamphlets setting out Separatist beliefs. These were carried to England in the false bottoms of french wine barrels or, as the English ambassador to the Netherlands reported, "vented underhand in His Majesty's kingdoms." Assisting with the printing was Edward Winslow, described by a contemporary as a genius who went on to play a crucial role in Plymouth Colony. He was already an experienced printer in England when, at age 22, he joined Brewster to churn out inflammatory materials.

The Pilgrim Press attracted the wrath of authorities in 1618, when an unauthorized pamphlet called the *Perth Assembly* surfaced in England, attacking King James I and his bishops for interfering with the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. The monarch ordered his ambassador in Holland to bring Brewster to justice for his "atrocious and seditious libel," but Dutch authorities refused to arrest him. For the Separatists, it was time to move again—not only to avoid arrest. They were also worried about war brewing between Holland and Spain, which might bring them under Catholic rule if Spain prevailed. And they recoiled at permissive values in the Netherlands, which, Bradford would later recall, encouraged a "great licentiousness of youth in that country." The "manifold temptations of the place," he feared, were drawing youths of the congregation "into extravagant and dangerous courses, getting the reins off their necks and departing from their parents."

Anchored off the New England coast, the Colonists bound for Plymouth Plantation signed the Mayflower Compact in 1620. The document was the first to establish democratic principles for future governments in the New World.

About this time, 1619, Brewster disappears briefly from the historical record. He was about 53. Some accounts suggest that he may have returned to England, of all places, there to live underground and to organize his last grand escape, on a ship called the *Mayflower*. There is speculation that he lived under an assumed name in the London district of Aldgate, by then a center for religious nonconformists. When the *Mayflower* finally set sail for the New World in 1620, Brewster was aboard, having escaped the notice of authorities.

But like their attempts to flee England in 1607 and 1608, the Leiden congregation's departure for America 12 years later was fraught with difficulties. In fact, it almost didn't happen. In July, the Pilgrims left Leiden, sailing from Holland in the *Speedwell*, a stubby overrigged vessel. They landed quietly in Southampton on the south coast of England. There they gathered supplies and proceeded to Plymouth before sailing for America in the 60-ton *Speedwell* and the 180-ton *Mayflower*, a converted wine-trade ship, chosen for its steadiness and cargo capacity. But after "they had not gone far," according to Bradford, the smaller *Speedwell*, though recently refitted for the long ocean voyage, sprang several leaks and limped into port at Dartmouth, England, accompanied by the *Mayflower*. More repairs were made, and both set out again toward the end of August. Three hundred miles at sea, the *Speedwell* began leaking again. Both ships put into Plymouth—where some 20 of the 120 would-be Colonists, discouraged by this star-crossed prologue to their adventure, returned to Leiden or decided to go to London. A handful transferred to the *Mayflower*, which finally hoisted sail for America with about half of its 102 passengers from the Leiden church on September 6.

On their arduous, two-month voyage, the 90-foot ship was battered by storms. One man, swept overboard, held onto a halyard until he was rescued. Another succumbed to "a grievous disease, of which he died in a desperate manner," according to William Bradford. Finally, though, on November 9, 1620, the *Mayflower* sighted the scrubby heights of what is known today as Cape Cod. After traveling along the coast that their maps identified as New England for two days, they dropped anchor at the site of today's Provincetown Harbor of Massachusetts. Anchored offshore there on November 11, a group of 41 passengers—only the men—signed a document they called the Mayflower Compact, which formed a colony composed of a "Civil Body Politic" with just and equal laws for the good of the community. This agreement of consent between citizens and leaders became

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the basis for Plymouth Colony's government. John Quincy Adams viewed the agreement as the genesis of democracy in America.

Among the passengers who would step ashore to found the colony at Plymouth were some of America's first heroes—such as the trio immortalized by Longfellow in "The Courtship of Miles Standish": John Alden, Priscilla Mullins and Standish, a 36-year-old soldier—as well as the colony's first European villain, John Billington, who was hanged for murder in New England in 1630. Two happy dogs, a mastiff bitch and a spaniel belonging to John Goodman, also bounded ashore.

It was the beginning of another uncertain chapter of the Pilgrim story. With winter upon them, they had to build homes and find sources of food, while negotiating the shifting political alliances of Native American neighbors. With them, the Pilgrims celebrated a harvest festival in 1621—what we often call the first Thanksgiving.

Perhaps the Pilgrims survived the long journey from England to Holland to America because of their doggedness and their conviction that they had been chosen by God. By the time William Brewster died in 1644, at age 77, at his 111-acre farm at the Nook, in Duxbury, the Bible-driven society he had helped create at Plymouth Colony could be tough on members of the community who misbehaved. The whip was used to discourage premarital sex and adultery. Other sexual offenses could be punished by hanging or banishment. But these early Americans brought with them many good qualities too—honesty, integrity, industry, rectitude, loyalty, generosity, flinty self-reliance and a distrust of flashiness—attributes that survive down through the generations.

Many of the *Mayflower* descendants would be forgotten by history, but more than a few would rise to prominence in American culture and politics—among them Ulysses S. Grant, James A. Garfield, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Orson Welles, Marilyn Monroe, Hugh Hefner and George W. Bush.

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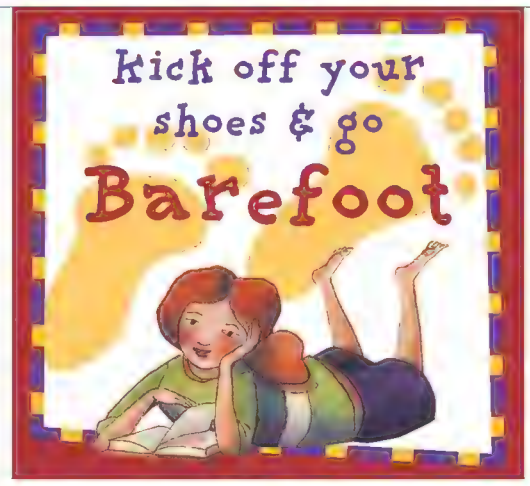

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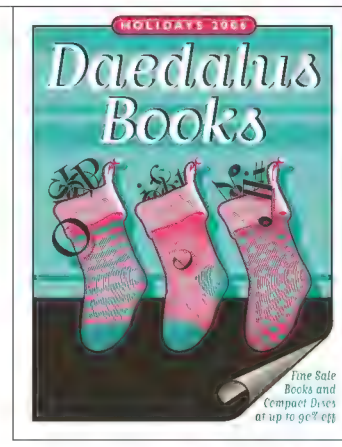

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Intense personal scrutiny of candidates by the press corps (reporters converge on George McGovern, 1972) first emerged during the 1960s.

Sharp Pencils

How three pioneering reporters reshaped the way the press covers elections—and politics itself

BY JONATHAN YARDLEY

THE 1960S AND EARLY '70S were among the most tumultuous periods in American politics—assassinations, riots, the conservative uprising, Watergate—but also among the most interesting journalistically. During this period three of the most influential political books of the postwar years were published, books that permanently altered the way we understand elections, the people who run them and those who report them.

All three were national bestsellers, devoured not only by political professionals but by ordinary voters: *The Making of the President 1960*, by Theodore H. White; *The Selling of the President 1968*, by Joe McGinniss; and *The Boys on the Bus*, by Timothy Crouse. They were published in 1961, 1969 and 1973, respectively. Interestingly, and oddly, the most important of the three—*The Making of the President 1960*—is the only one no longer in print, but its pervasive influence remains undiminished. Yes, influence: sales of books in this country are minuscule by comparison with sales of popular music or the audiences drawn by television and movies, but the effect of these books unquestionably was substantial and remains so to this day.

No one has assessed White's book and its influence more astutely than Timothy Crouse. In 1960, he writes in *The Boys on the Bus*, "campaign coverage had changed very little from what it had been in the 1920s." Most Americans still got their news from reading the papers, where, Crouse tells us, most reporting "remained superficial, formulaic, and dull." Then White, a journalist and novelist of wide experience if modest reputation, spent the election year bird-dogging Kennedy and Nixon, and with extraordinary speed produced his long, ex-

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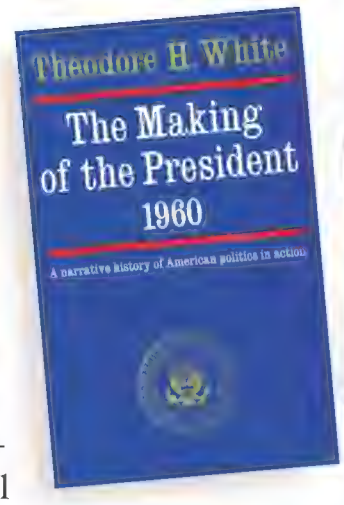
haustive account of the campaign, described on the front of its dust jacket as "A narrative history of American politics in action." Crouse writes:

"The book struck most readers as a total revelation—it was as if they had never before read anything, anywhere, that told them what a political campaign was about. They had some idea that a campaign consisted of a series of arcane deals and dull speeches, and suddenly White came along with a book that laid out the campaign as a wide-screen thriller with full-blooded heroes and white-knuckle suspense on every page. The book hit the number-one spot on the best-seller lists six weeks after publication and stayed there for exactly a year."

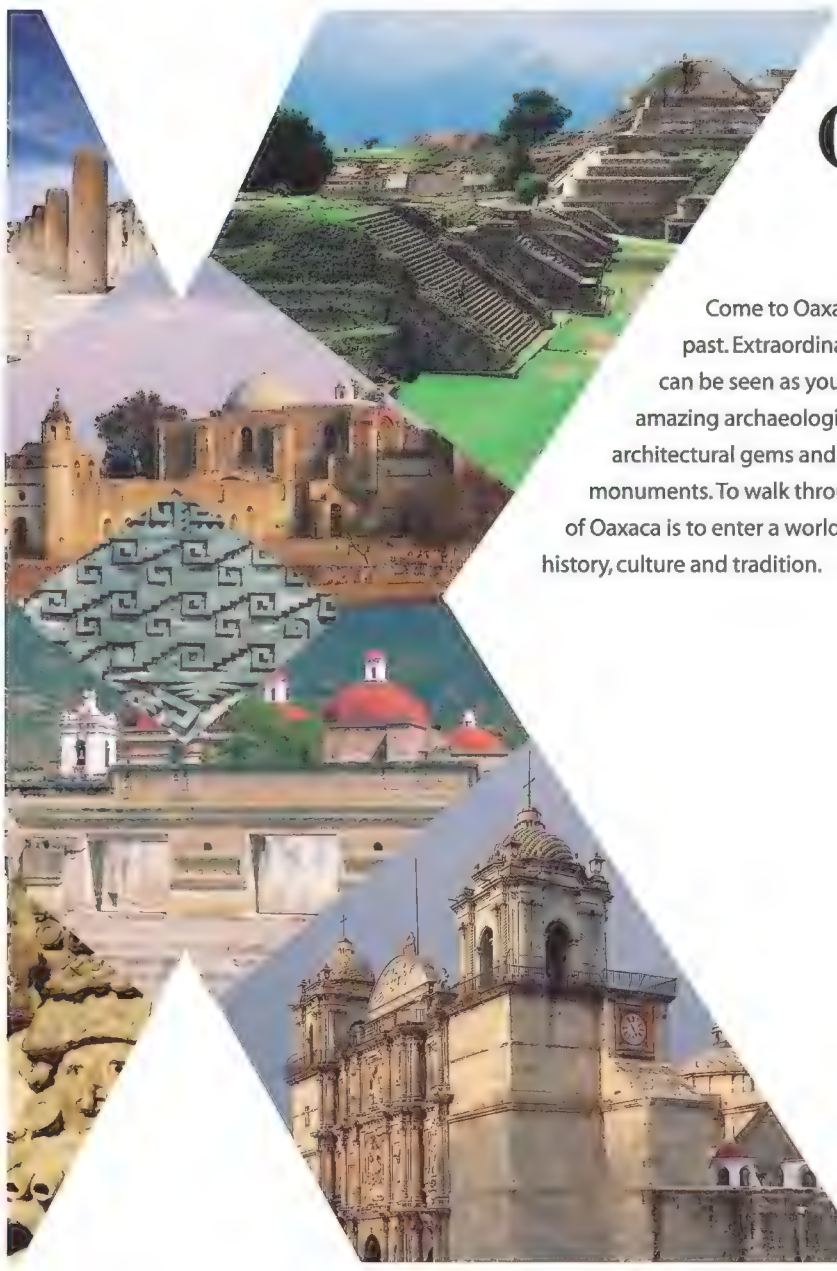


White turned his campaign coverage into a page-turning, bestselling thriller.

As it happens, I was beginning my own career in journalism just as White's book appeared, and I vividly recall the excitement it inspired. Crouse is right: this was something totally, absolutely new. Nobody ever had done anything remotely like it. White's prose could be muddy (it seems even muddier today), his hero-worship of Kennedy was cloying and his sunny paeans to the American political system overlooked or minimized its many shortcomings, but the book had more than the drama cited by Crouse: it took readers inside politics as they'd never been before. It both demystified the process and romanticized it. Few Americans then understood how primaries worked—indeed by White's account, few even knew what they were—and few were aware that political campaigns have an inherent narrative structure and rhythm; White taught them all that.

Granted far more access to Kennedy than to Nixon, he soon became infatuated with JFK's style and intelligence. On many occasions, White had Kennedy almost entirely to himself, aboard the Kennedy plane or in hotel rooms, and the two men talked in ways that are unthinkable now, when hundreds of reporters clamor for the candidates' attention. Kennedy had White in the palm of his hand: "It was the range, the extent, the depth and detail, of information and observation that dazzled, then overwhelmed, the listener." Passages such as that—the book has a number of them—doubtless explain why it was to White that Jacqueline Kennedy turned for the first interview she granted after her husband's assassination in 1963. She told White (and the millions who eventually read his article for *Life* magazine) about her husband's fondness for the title song from *Camelot*, a disclosure that played right into White's predisposition to romanticize Kennedy.

The most lasting effect of White's book, though, isn't the Kennedy myth—for better or worse, it's been thoroughly punctured by now, leaving one to wonder what, if anything,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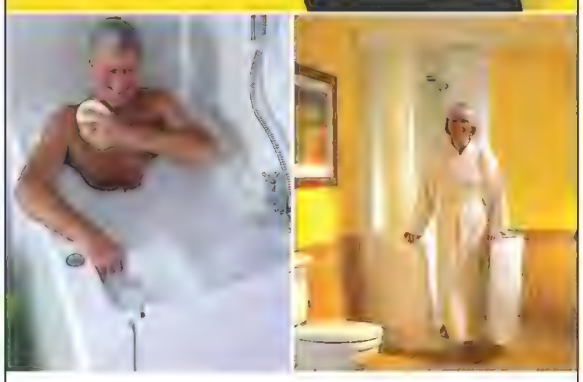

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INTRAV

White knew and didn't disclose about JFK's amatory adventures—but the radical changes it inspired in political coverage. First of all, as Crouse reports, "imitations and spinoffs" began to appear after the 1964 election, much to White's dismay. Four years later, "White was competing against seventeen other campaign books," with the result that none of his subsequent *Making* books generated the sales or the influence of the first, though they continued to sell respectably, despite a steady decline in quality.

By 1972, when Crouse set off to cover the press covering the race between Nixon and George McGovern, most editors, he writes, "were sending off their men with rabid pep talks about the importance of sniffing out inside dope, getting background into the story, finding out what makes the campaign tick, and generally going beyond the old style of campaign reporting." Nobody wanted to be scooped by White again. On the whole, this was a good thing, but it occurred in parallel with two more troubling developments: the rise of the "new" journalism, which valued first-person reportage, often to the extent of putting the reporter at the center of the story, and the rise of the entertainment culture, which reduced everything in public life to its power to amuse, thus rendering political campaigns even more devoid of real issues than even the image-driven 1960 campaign had been.

None of this is Teddy White's fault, and no doubt he would be horrified by the present state of political reportage, which too often treats candidates and members of their entourages as celebrities, but there is no question that he got the process started. Before he came along, there had been dramatic presidential races—after all, it was only a dozen years before 1960 that Harry S. Truman had won his cliffhanger victory over Thomas E. Dewey. White, however, conditioned people to expect drama and personality in politics: the press, now expanded exponentially by the ladies and gentlemen of television, was eager to deliver what people wanted.

One arena where drama and personality are rarely encountered any longer is

the political convention. White absolutely adored conventions, as did most other journalists of his day, and believed that they "epitomize the mythology and legendry of American national politics." In 1956, not long after he'd begun writing about American politics, following years of reporting from abroad, he had been on hand for that "wild night, at the Democratic Convention [in Chicago], as John F. Kennedy and Estes Kefauver contended for the delegates' mandate for the Vice-Presidency." Thereafter, he seemed to expect every convention to reach that same fever pitch. But with the exception of 1964 in San Francisco, when Republican conservatives vilified and humiliated Nelson Rockefeller, he never again got what he hoped for.

He believed, somewhat naively, that "if the conventions have done their work well, as normally they do, then the American people are offered two men of exceptional ability," but even as early as 1960 he was able to set sentiment aside long enough to peer into the future. He understood that the rise of the primaries was changing everything—"Conventions are now less bluntly controlled by bosses, and more sharply controlled by techniques and forces set in motion outside the convention city itself." White perceived, too, that "the intrusion of television on the convention" meant that "under the discipline of the camera, conventions are held more tightly to schedule, their times adjusted for maximum viewing opportunities, their procedure streamlined, not for the convenience or entertainment of the delegates, but for the convenience of the nation" and, it goes without saying, the convenience of television.

White understood that television was changing everything, and wrote vividly about the precedent-setting 1960 televised presidential debates, but he only dimly perceived what Joe McGinniss came along eight years later to make plain: that television now ran the show. McGinniss, a young journalist working out of Philadelphia and blessed, apparently, with an abundance of charm, insinuated his way into the inner circle of Richard Nixon's media campaign, par-

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ticularly those working on his advertising strategy and his carefully staged television appearances before handpicked, sympathetic audiences. He was allowed to sit in on nearly all of their meetings, traveled with them, and engaged in long, casual conversations on an ongoing basis. Whether any of them had an inkling of what lay in store for them remains unknown, but the book that resulted left no doubt that Nixon was in the hand of a small group of (mostly) amiable, cynical, hard-boiled Svengalis.

The "grumpy, cold, and aloof" Nixon, as McGinnis described him, was a public-relations nightmare, but by dint of determination and ceaseless hard work he'd recovered from his double humiliation—by Kennedy in 1960 and by Edmund G. "Pat" Brown in the 1962 California governor's race—and walked away with the 1968 Republican nomination. He commenced the fall campaign with a huge advantage handed him by the Democrats, whose riot-torn convention in Chicago was a disaster and whose nominee, Hubert Humphrey, was held in contempt by much of the party's rank and file. Nixon's handlers were resolved not to let him fritter away his lead by reverting to the humorless, graceless, calculating "Old Nixon" detested by many voters, and concentrated on projecting an image of a "New Nixon" who was, above all else, "warm."

"I am not going to barricade myself into a television studio and make this an antiseptic campaign," Nixon promised as the campaign began, but it became clear almost immediately that this was precisely what he was going to do. Psychologically, Nixon was fragile, combustible goods. His staff remembered all too well how he had flown off the handle after losing to Pat Brown, bitterly informing the press that "you won't have Nixon to kick around anymore." They were apprehensive about putting him in situations where he could not be reined in, where instead of exuding warmth he would come across as white hot. The goal, one of his advisers wrote, was "pinpointing those *controlled* uses of the television medium that can *best* convey the *image*

we want to get across." This is how McGinniss puts it:

"So this was how they went into it. Trying, with one hand, to build the illusion that Richard Nixon, in addition to his attributes of mind and heart, considered, in the words of Patrick K. Buchanan, a speech writer, 'communicating with the people . . . one of the great joys of seeking the Presidency'; while with the other they shielded him, controlled him, and controlled the atmosphere around him. It was as if they were building not a President but an Astrodome, where the wind would never blow, the temperature never rise or fall, and the ball never bounce erratically on the artificial grass."

McGinniss' disclosures about the artificiality of the Nixonian image that his handlers presented to the electorate surprised many readers and shocked some, but they really didn't come as news. As McGinniss himself readily acknowledged, the marriage of politicians and advertising had been consummated years before—certainly by 1956, when New York City's venerable advertising agency, Batton, Barton, Durstine and Osborn, took on Dwight Eisenhower as a regular account—as was confirmed by Ike's Republican national chairman, Leonard Hall, who said unapologetically: "You sell your candidates and your programs the way a business sells its products."

McGinniss revealed how Nixon's handlers marketed their candidate.

No, what I think really appalled readers—especially, needless to say, those predisposed against Nixon—was what McGinniss revealed about the cynicism of the candidate and his staff toward the electorate and, even more startling, the cynicism of the staff toward the candidate. Jim Sage, one of Nixon's filmmakers, told McGinniss: "We didn't have to make cheap and vulgar films. . . . But those images strike a note of recognition in the kind of people to whom we are trying to appeal. . . . Nixon has not only developed the use of the platitude, he's raised it to an art form. It's mashed potatoes. It appeals to the lowest common denominator of American taste." Kevin Phillips, today a political pundit but then a 27-year-old Nixon staffer, struck a similar note, describing spots that featured John Wayne: "Wayne might sound bad to people in New York, but he sounds great to the schmucks we're trying to reach through John Wayne. The people down there along the Yahoo Belt."

As for how the staff regarded the candidate, Roger Ailes, who supervised the staged question-and-answer television shows (and who now runs Fox News), positively (and hilariously) dripped with contempt. "Let's face it," he said in one staff meeting, "a lot of people think Nixon is dull. Think he's a bore, a pain in the ass. They look at him as the kind of kid who always carried a bookbag. Who was forty-two years old the day he was born. They figure other kids got footballs for Christmas, Nixon got a briefcase and he loved it. . . . Now you put him on television, you've got a problem right away. He's a funny-looking guy. He looks like somebody hung him in a closet overnight and he jumps out in the morning with his suit all bunched up and starts running around saying, 'I want to be President.' I mean this is how he strikes some people. That's why these shows are important. To make them forget all that."

If there was a bombshell in *The Selling of the President 1968*, this was it. To be sure, McGinniss didn't shock enough voters to prevent Nixon from steamrolling McGovern four years later. Nevertheless, what he had to say about the campaign's scorn for the people whose votes it sought surely opened some eyes. There is no way to calibrate such matters, but I suspect that this

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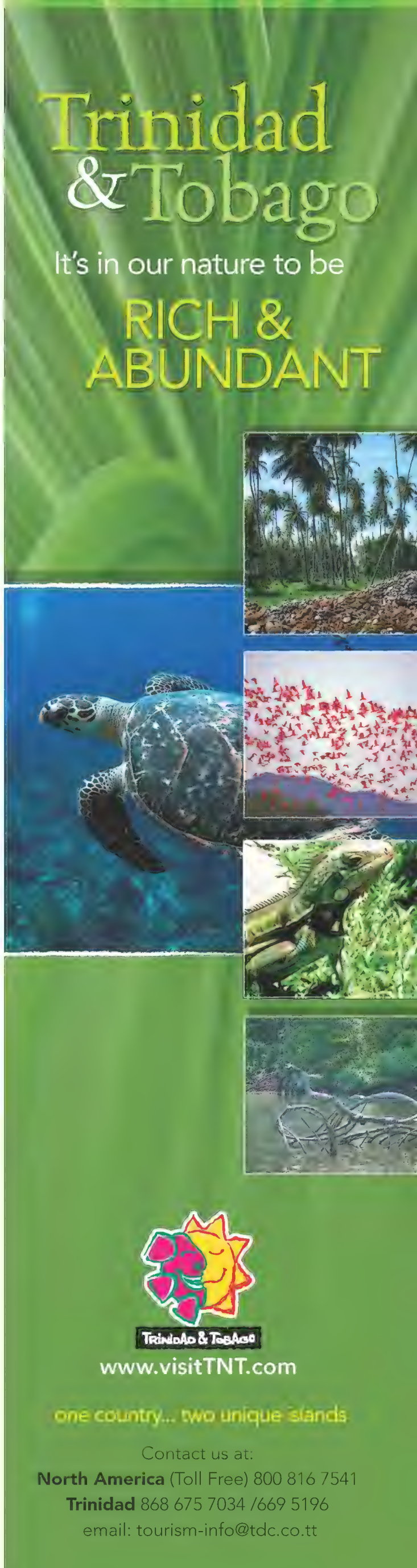

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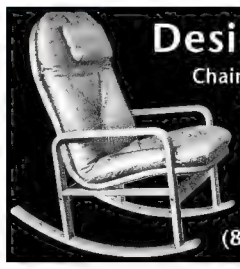

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may have contributed significantly to the cynicism that voters themselves now express about political candidates—wariness that subsequently was fed by such films as *The Candidate*, *All the President's Men*, *The War Room*, *Wag the Dog*, *Bulworth* and *Primary Colors*. If *The Selling of the President 1968* was not the crucial element in the evolution of public cynicism about politics, it certainly played a catalytic role.

This surely helps explain why the book remains in print today, for the truth is that otherwise it doesn't hold up very well. McGinniss has a keen ear and the book is full of wonderful quotes, but it's surprisingly thin—a mere 168 pages of large-type text padded out with another 83 pages of appendices—and shallow as well. With its shock value long since dissipated, *The Selling of the President* turns out to be less thoughtful than I had recalled. McGinniss learned a lot of interesting things, but he really did not have much to say about them.

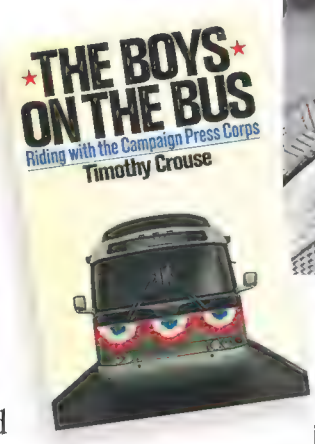
The big surprise is that, of these three books, the one that holds up best is *The Boys on the Bus*. As a rule, the press exists as a subject of interest mainly to the press, and into the bargain few of the reporters and columnists about whom Crouse writes remain well-known today, the principal exceptions being R. W. Apple Jr. of the *New York Times*, David Broder of the *Washington Post* and the syndicated columnist Robert Novak. You'd think that today's reader would find the book to be journalistic inside baseball and, furthermore, yesterday's news. *The Boys on the Bus*, however, stands the test of time for two reasons: Crouse's tart, witty prose and his sharp insights into journalism, a business that takes itself far too seriously and is deeply hostile to criticism or change.

That Crouse should have been the person to produce such a book could not have been predicted. He was only three years out of college and his family's roots were in the theater: his father was the prominent Broadway producer and writer Russell Crouse (*Life With Father*, *Call Me Madam*, *The Sound of Music*); his sister is the actress Lindsay Crouse. But Crouse headed for journalism rather

than the stage, persuading editors at *Rolling Stone*—a publication then still young, irreverent and very smart—to let him write about the journalists covering the 1972 campaign. I was in my early 30s by then, my fascination with the inner workings of journalism and politics undimmed in the dozen years since Teddy White's book; I gobbled up Crouse's articles as they appeared. But it was when they were published as a book, tightly organized and fleshed out, that their real merit became clear.

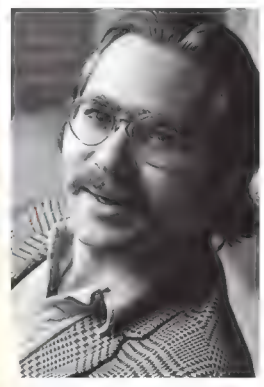
Crouse—at the time in his mid-20s—had a precocious understanding of the press, especially the big-foot press on the plane with McGovern and, far less frequently, with Nixon, whose staff, knowing the election was a lock, had isolated the candidate in the Oval Office and the Rose Garden, and kept reporters as far away as possible. Crouse—as White had done before him—found himself spending far more time with the Democrats than with the Republicans. Like Kennedy, McGovern was far more accessible to reporters than Nixon, who believed, as Crouse put it, that "the press tortured him, lied about him, hated him."

The Boys on the Bus can still be read for its portraits of the men (and the very few women) in the political press corps, portraits that are deft and (mostly) sympathetic. Crouse, for example, summed up Jules Witcover, then of the *Los Angeles Times*, in a single sentence: "He had the pale, hounded look of a small liquor store owner whose shop has just been held up for the seventh time in a year." Crouse liked and respected Witcover—"he had always been better than the paper he worked for"—but that didn't prevent him from writing honestly about him.



Indeed, honesty is the rule throughout this book. One of the dirty little secrets of the news business is that journalists travel in packs, but it's no secret here. The men and women whom Crouse followed "all fed off the same pool report, the same daily handout, the same speech by the candidate; the whole pack was isolated in the same mobile village. After a while, they began to believe the same rumors, subscribe to the same theories, and write the same stories." They "had a very limited usefulness as political observers, by and large, for what they knew best was not the American electorate but the tiny community of the press plane, a totally abnormal world that combined the incestuousness of a New England hamlet with the giddiness of a mid-ocean gala and the physical rigors of the Long March."

They were in a pack even before they got on the plane: "All the national political reporters lived in Washington, saw the same people, used the same sources, belonged to the same background groups, and swore by the same omens. They arrived at their answers just as independently as a class of honest seventh graders using the same geometry text—they did not have to cheat off each other to come up with the same answers." No reader needs to be told that exactly the same words could be written by an observer of American journalism today, except that the words would have to be stronger. Not only are reporters and columnists happily isolated from American reality, they now swim in the journalistic celebrity pool, where prominence and wealth have far less to do with the actual quality of one's reportage or commentary than with the ability to get on the television gong shows, travel the lecture circuit and schmooze with other members of the celebritoisie at occasions such as the annual dinners of the Gridiron Club and the White House Correspondents' Association.



Crouse zeroed in on the deficiencies inherent in pack journalism.

It is a pity that Crouse no longer covers prominent journalists, because they

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badly need a critic of his acuity. His first fling with journalism, however, seems to have been his last. In the 1980s he was co-author of a new script for one of his father's most successful shows, *Anything Goes*, with music and lyrics by Cole Porter; the revival ran for more than two years and presumably enabled Crouse to escape into early semi-retirement. He leaves us, though, with this absolutely terrific reportage, which continues to be required reading for any student of politics, the press and the internecine connections between the two.

Did *The Boys on the Bus* contribute to the suspicion and disdain in which the press is now so widely held? Not directly, would be my guess, but certainly indirectly: by describing so accurately and wittily certain truths about the press that its practitioners would just as soon not acknowledge, Crouse may have encouraged others to distort them into untruths. The pack journalism he so carefully delineates can be, and has been, distorted into conspiracy journalism by those who find the press a convenient whipping boy.

No one ever whipped it with more venom or gusto than Richard Nixon, which brings us to the Square One on which all three of these books were constructed. Teddy White tried, desperately and not very successfully, to give Nixon every benefit of the doubt; Joe McGinniss ridiculed him; Timothy Crouse mocked and reviled him. But their books could not have been written without him. They remind us that his legacy may be exceedingly ambiguous, even poisonous, but it is very large: a political system based on imagery rather than substance, a political class and a body politic that hold each other in mutual contempt, a press that labors under appallingly low public confidence. Yes, many others must share the blame for these lamentable developments in our public life, but Nixon gets a big share of it. The possibility that this would make him very happy cannot be denied.

JONATHAN YARDLEY *won a Pulitzer Prize for distinguished criticism in 1981.*

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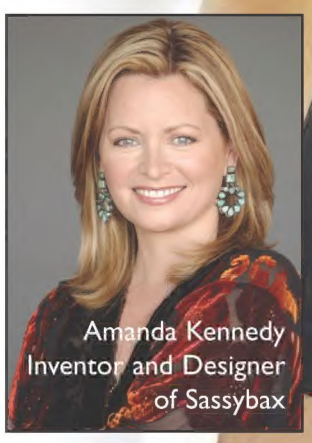
It's amazing that an actress like Amanda who spent so much time getting noticed invented a product that is meant to be invisible. She spent 11 years guest starring in such shows as *Cheers*, *Remington Steele*, *Dallas* and *Hart to Hart*, but as she tiptoed into her 40's, she realized that her clothes didn't look so sleek anymore. Her uncomfortable bra accentuated every bulge. Back bulge is not a woman's fault—it's the bra. Amanda poured herself into helping greater womanhood, not those few who may be blessed with a near perfect shape. Her inspiration came from control top panty hose that Amanda cut, clipped and formed into her first prototype. Then she redesigned a model in the supersoft microfiber that felt like wearing nothing at all, but still offered excellent support even when her full figured DD sized friends tried it on. Now the fashion world is abuzz with Sassybax. It's been raved about by *The View*, *Good Morning America*, *CBS News* and *FOX News*. You may have read the great reviews in some prominent publications. The "before and after" video on *Good Morning America* was startling. The host was quoted as saying with Sassybax, "She's completely line free, all the lumps and bumps are gone, she looks terrific."


Amanda Kennedy
Inventor and Designer
of Sassybax

These Sassybax stretch bras have no hooks, provide incredible comfortable support and most importantly a smooth bulge-free silhouette. No more pulling and shifting.

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Vanessa Williams, actress, singer and former Miss America

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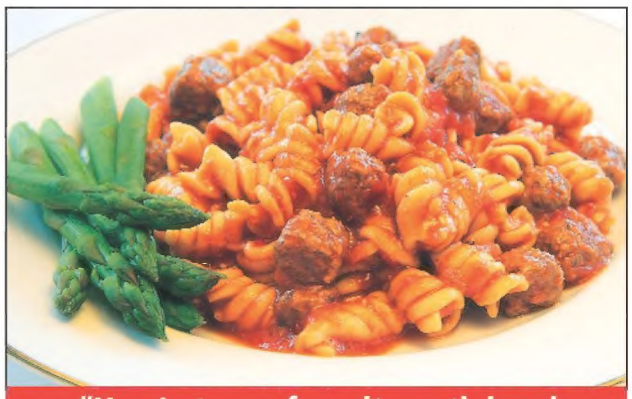
That morning, I talked to my fiancé about wanting to lose weight—we had those conversations a lot. I talked the talk, but never walked the walk. I had become a lifeless blob and was terribly unhappy with myself. I couldn't imagine how anyone else could be happy with me, either. Finally, I went over to the mirror, and said, "I've had enough!" So I started NutriSystem® and in less than a year, I lost 125 lbs.*!

"Right away I thought, *'This is too easy!'*"

I chose NutriSystem because it was the only program that literally did all of the work for me. They delivered all the meals and desserts right to my door, and even gave me a weight loss counselor I could call whenever I had any questions or was just having a bad day. I didn't have time to go all the way across town to weigh-in in front of a whole bunch of people. (*Heck, I hardly have time to get to the grocery store!)* With NutriSystem everything came to me. It's SO convenient.



"Yes, I ate my favorite, rotini and meatballs, and still lost 138 lbs.*!"

"I ate 5 meals every day—even dessert!"

I'd been on a ton of diets. But this was the first one that let me eat five times a day! And if you think I was eating "rabbit food," boy, are you wrong! I was eating pancakes with maple syrup! Hamburgers! Pasta! Pot roast! Even chocolate cake! What diet ever lets you eat all that?

"And wow! The weight kept coming off."

Every NutriSystem meal was perfectly portioned, so I couldn't screw up by eating too many calories. Plus! I never had to think about what I was going to cook for breakfast, lunch or dinner. All I had to do was choose an entrée (they have over 120, you know) and it took just minutes to make one. And voilà! I had a delicious gourmet meal that I could eat at the same time as my fiancé. I loved being able to have dinner with him.

"NutriSystem took the work out of weight loss."

Look. There's just no simpler plan than NutriSystem. *(Losing weight is hard enough—you don't need anything else complicating it.)* And you don't have to pay any money to join NutriSystem, either. You only pay for the great-tasting food you eat *(the rotini and meatballs are my favorite!).* Better yet! I never had to go to meetings or gorge myself on just meats (*how boring is that after a few months?)*. It was so nice not having to count points, calories, or carbs. And I didn't have to weigh or measure anything. It's a no-brainer plan! And if you busy moms out there don't think you have time to fit a weight loss program into your day, think again. NutriSystem is the program for you!

"I feel happy, healthy...and yes, even SEXY!"

Why did I succeed on NutriSystem? Well, because it was SO easy! Like my friends and family know, I'm living proof of how well it works. I was big—now I'm not! Here I am—138 lbs.* lighter! For the first time ever, I can see my collarbone, feel my hips, and wear a two-piece bathing suit out in public. *(You just don't know what that can do to a woman's self-esteem!)* Thanks to NutriSystem, I'm a new person and I love the new life I lead. Now, I'm not just "alive," I'm living life to the fullest!

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Strings Attached

"You want the greatest guitar ever?" Dad asked **BY PATRICK DACEY**

FOR MY 8TH BIRTHDAY, I WANTED A GUITAR. My father had played a little back in his day. He said he dreamed of being a rock star with a traveling band surrounded by beautiful women. He said Grandpa could never afford a nice guitar for him, but he wasn't going to let that happen to me. He had an idea.

"Let's get lucky," he said.

I hopped into his old Wagoneer, and we drove to the auction house on Main Street, where they were selling off instruments that day. "So what kind of guitar do you want?" he asked me.

"A wooden one," I said.

"It's called an acoustic. You sure you don't want an electric?"

"Mom said wood ones make less noise."

Inside the big, echoing room, about 60 people sat in rows, and a man stood at a podium holding a ukulele. "We got one-twenty for this here fine piece of craftsmanship, do I hear one-thirty?"

Someone shouted, "One-thirty!"

"Sold for one-thirty!"

"Next up," the auctioneer said, "a classic Gibson with custom sunburst finish, no dents, no scratches and the most magnificent sound you've ever heard. This is why you started playing. This baby goes for over a grand in the stores. The bid's open!"

My father's eyes grew wide. "I can't believe it," he said. "That's the guitar Grandpa told me was too expensive." He looked in his wallet, then at me.

"Pat," he said. "You want a guitar?"

"Yes."

"You want the greatest guitar ever?"

"Yes," I said, growing excited with his excitement.

"OK. Find a seat up there and shout out 'Sixty.'"

"Sixty?"

"And if someone says 'Sixty-five,' you say 'Seventy.'"

"Seventy?"

"Yes, go, go."

I pushed up to the front.

"Forty!" someone called out.

"Come on," the auctioneer said.

"Fifty!" another bidder yelled.

"Fifty? Are you kidding?" the auctioneer said.

Then, with my timid voice, I said "Sixty."

"What!" the auctioneer growled.

With the pressure on, I shouted "Sixty!"

"Sixty from the little guy," the auctioneer said with a chuckle.

"Sixty-five!" someone yelled.

"Hey, who's bidding against a kid?" somebody called out. "You shouldn't outbid a child!"

It was my father.

"Seventy!" I shouted.

The auctioneer answered, "Seventy! Let's go a hundred!"

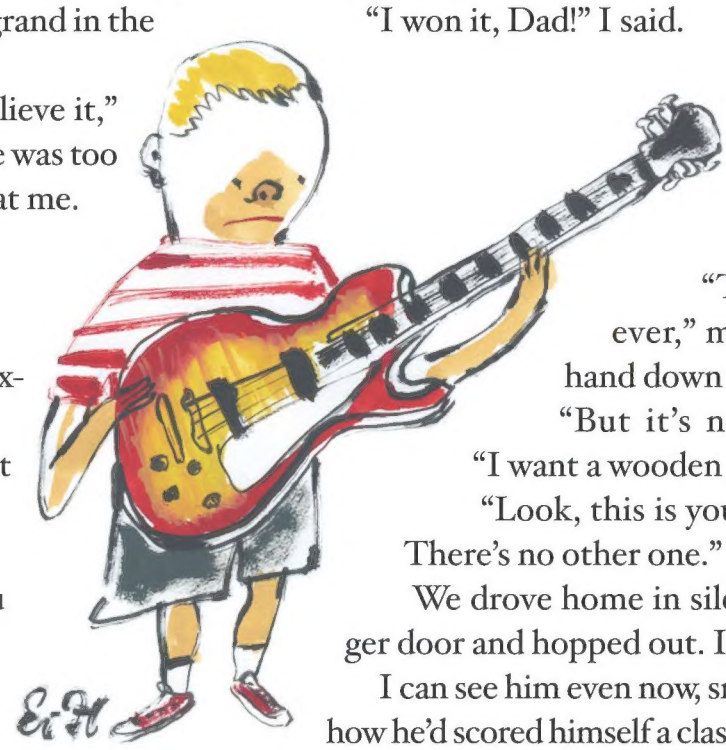
"Let the kid have it!" my father called out. Some of the spectators followed his lead: "Yeah, give it to the kid!"

The auctioneer grew nervous. "This thing here has been played by some of the finest musicians of our time," he said. "Seventy dollars would be an insult to this guitar, to those musicians! Now, do I hear seventy-five?"

"Give the kid the guitar!" my father yelled. He turned and left the hall. The auctioneer tapped his gavel, and there was an eruption of applause. He handed me a slip, and I ran outside. My father handed me 70 bucks, and I went back in and got the guitar in its case. I could barely carry it out.

"I won it, Dad!" I said.

"You did, Pat."



We put the case in the back seat and gingerly opened it up.

"It's not wooden," I said.

"This is the greatest guitar ever," my father said, rubbing his hand down the neck.

"But it's not wooden." I repeated. "I want a wooden one."

"Look, this is your guitar for your birthday. There's no other one." I started to cry.

We drove home in silence. I opened the passenger door and hopped out. I looked at my father.

I can see him even now, smiling at that guitar—and at how he'd scored himself a classic Gibson for 70 bucks.

ERIC HANSON